

**WILL MY LAI
WRECK THE ARMY?**
— see page 1112

NATIONAL REVIEW

Stop Trying To Make 'Equal Education'

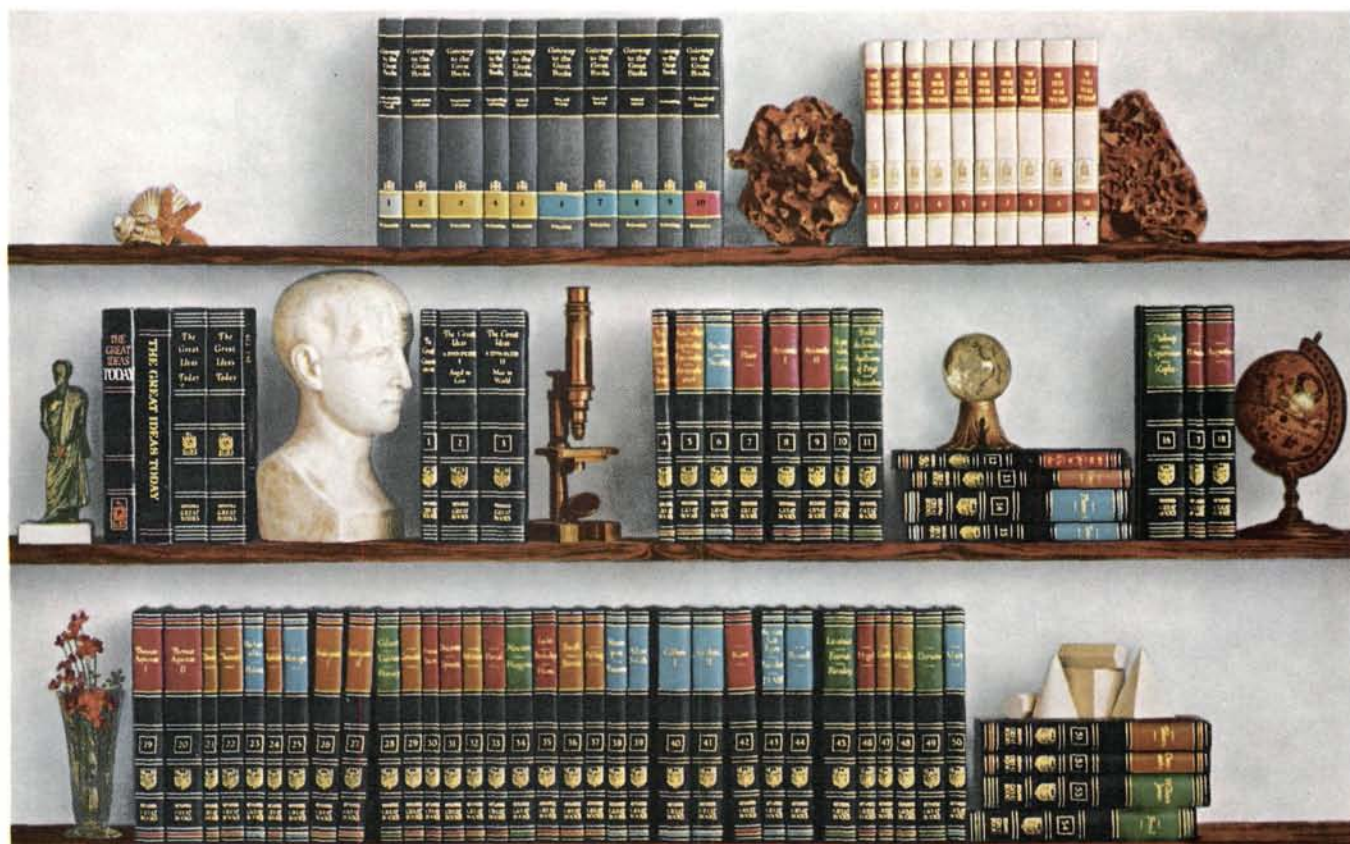
An, All Things Considered, Not, Realistically Speaking, Immodest Proposal.

Articles and Features By:

JOHN DAVENPORT
JARED LOBDELL
KEITH MANO
LEWIS SOLMON
DENNIS FAGAN
RUSSELL KIRK
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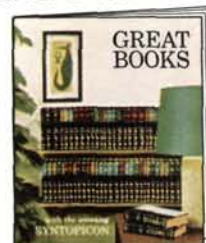
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Kendall, who liked to call himself an "Appalachians-to-the-Rockies patriot," was born in Oklahoma and died in 1967 in Texas. He taught at numerous universities, but most memorable were his 14 tempestuous years at Yale. Though tenured, and one of the most popular teachers at Yale, he was never given a promotion or a salary raise. Jeffrey Hart tells in the Introduction how, in 1961, "Kendall, on one of his frequent leaves, had settled in Spain, and, as the humor struck him, had phoned the administration and said, well, you don't seem to be able to take me, how about paying me off and calling it quits? The check was instantly on the way. Yale bought back his tenure for twenty-five thousand dollars and gratefully bade farewell."

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Yale's loss was a great boon for the fledgling University of Dallas. Hart tells us that Kendall "founded there a graduate program which is reminiscent in modern terms of the curriculum of the Renaissance humanists, a Ph.D. program in Politics and Literature. The students would go back to fundamentals in political theory, and they would also partake of the moral insights of the poets and novelists. In modern terms, it is the equivalent of the program advocated by Erasmus, St. Thomas More, or Sir Thomas Elyot, and taught at Milton's St. Paul's."

Important as his work as a teacher was, it was as speaker and writer that Kendall was known to most of the conservative community. For eight years he was a senior editor at *National Review*. His articles and reviews appeared in numerous periodicals, and Kendall aficionados will find in *Willmoore Kendall*

Contra Mundum the best of those writings, along with the articles and speeches never before published. Throughout, Kendall, the master teacher, grapples with knotty questions: Who should control our public schools? Is violence a human necessity? He throws new light on the function of the university, freedom of speech, academic freedom, voluntary world government, the relationship between American conservatism and right-wing dictatorships, and the future of individual initiative in America. Running through all the selections is the dominant strain of his political thought: the conditions under which majority rule can produce good government.

Kendall vs. Russell Kirk

Of major interest are three chapters of a projected book, *The Sages of Conservatism*. Kendall died before he could turn his penetrating pen on such conservative stalwarts as Frank Meyer and James Burnham, but he did complete a scintillating chapter on Russell Kirk which will make waves in the conservative intellectual community. (Kendall could be almost as critical of his fellow conservatives as he was of the common enemy.) Having sampled Kendall's views on "The Benevolent Sage of Mecosta" (Kirk), "The Part-Time Sage of Ithaca" (Clinton Rossiter) and "The True Sage of Woodstock" (John Courtney Murray), the reader will bemoan the untimeliness of Kendall's death when he was completing this book.

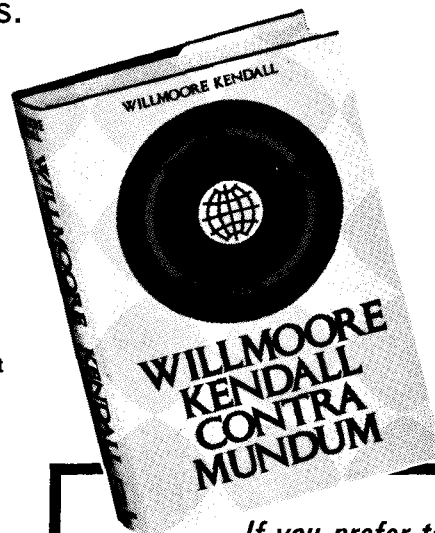
Long before the phrase became popular, Kendall sought to give voice to the views of the silent majority. He often remarked that the American people continue to live their political tradition "in their hips," meaning that while they continue to live pretty much according to their traditional modes and orders, they had forgotten how to articulate the philosophy at the root of that heritage. That was the teacher's great role, as Willmoore Kendall saw it: to keep alive, or recover, the nation's historical memory. The American system must be made to work, and in order for it to work we must understand its principles — otherwise self-government will be abandoned for authoritarian government.

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"The richness and complexity of this difficult, singular and legendary man are here present in this book. When one reads Kendall, one is made to consider the first principles not only of American political order but of all political order. And that is almost the best thing that one can say of a book." — *National Review*

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NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second class postage paid at Bristol, Conn. © National Review, Inc. 1971.



Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.
Address all subscription mail, orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Manager, NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

RATES: \$20.00 a year (\$12.00 for the 44-page issues, and \$8.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add \$1.00 for Canada, \$2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.

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In This Issue

any number of things happen, serious and otherwise. **Lewis Solmon**, who teaches economics at CUNY, asks a radical question, of the sort conservatives sometimes need to do. If you try to make equal education, a) you will fail; b) you will damage the prospects for those whose extra education is much needed for the benefit of those who have less. . . . **Jared C. Lobdell** was at Houston with the Young Americans for Freedom, and attempts to do again what he succeeded in doing in these pages so well on YAF's Tenth at Hartford and Sharon, Connecticut a year ago. . . . Professor **Zoll**, now at Arizona State University, takes up the question of the morale of the Army. The morale of everybody everywhere is much in the news now, at Attica and at Parris Island. Consider his analysis. . . . **Dennis Fagan**, a junior at Fordham University, has got a sunburst: the one absolute key to the elimination of crime. Read it now, and you will be able to say that you knew Fagan's work even before he was a Nobel Laureate. . . . **John Davenport**, bursting with energy upon his retirement from *Fortune* Magazine, writes an *appoggiatura* upon the essay last issue by Alan Reynolds, raking Mr. Nixon's August 15 economic program over the coals. . . . And super book reviews by **Mano**, **Davenport**, **Berman** and **Jeffries**; and then some frolic. —ED.

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1128 ARTS & MANNERS

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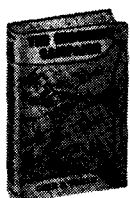
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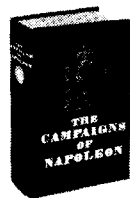
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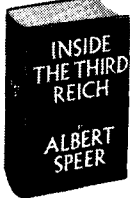
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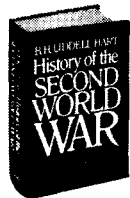
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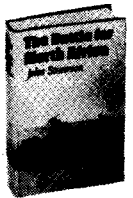
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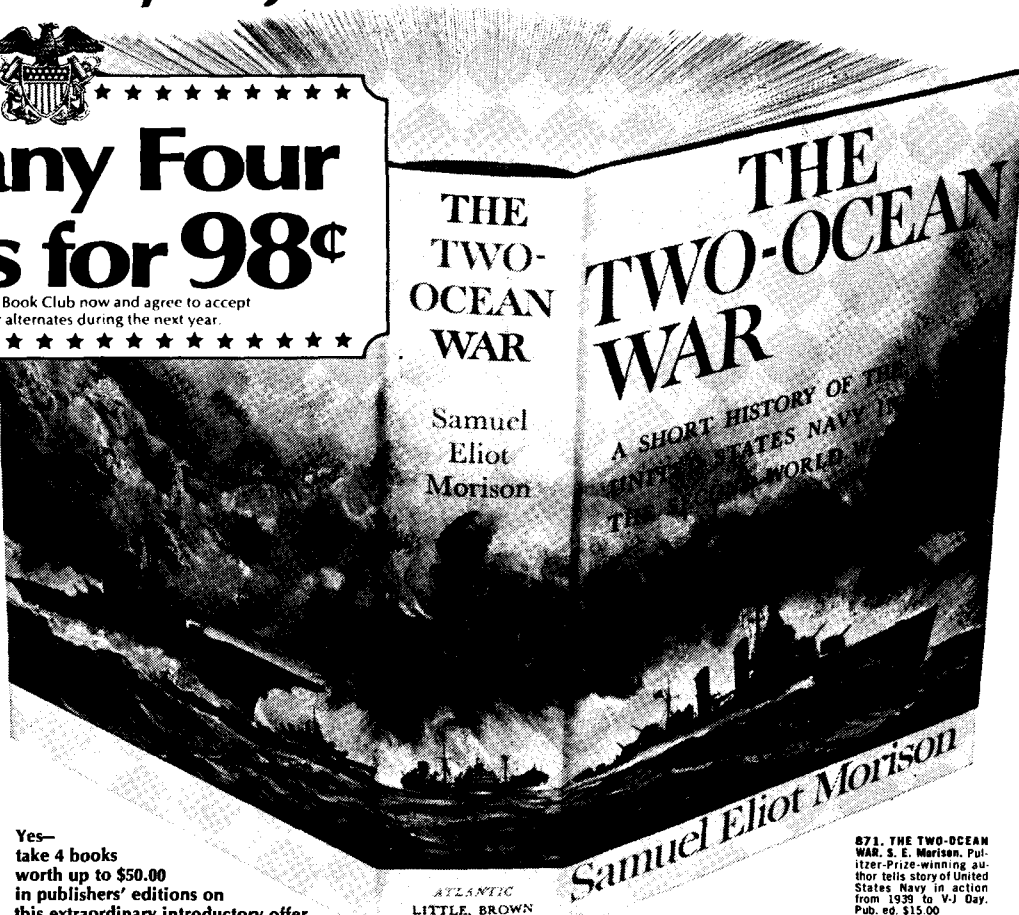
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LETTERS

Liberty Lobby . . .

Three cheers for C. H. Simonds' excellent article ["Willis Carto and His Fronts," Sept. 10]. I had the great misfortune to be placed on Carto's mailing list about two years ago, received some copies of *Liberty Letter*, an invitation to join the National Youth Alliance, and two copies of *Statecraft*. I never responded to this mail, being put off by the hysteria of the *Liberty Letter*, the obvious Wallaceite leanings of *NYA*, and the red-neck racism of *Statecraft*. But one reads such mail in haste, and usually forgets it. So your patient investigation and intelligently written article came as something of a shock to me. I knew Carto was a nut, but had no idea he was such a monster.

Chicago, Ill.

VICTOR M. CASSIDY

I am sorry to say that Simonds' article on Willis Carto was a deep disappointment. Do not misunderstand me, I do not object to an anti-Carto article per se, but I do object to the quality of *this* article. I had hoped that lifting out of context, innuendo and slurring adjectives were beneath the dignity of your staff. Apparently not, and I deeply regret to report that *NR* has slipped a notch in my esteem.

Napa, Calif.

ROBERT O. WEED M.D.

Everything you say about Mr. Willis Carto is probably true. Now perhaps you will run two more twelve-page spreads: one on Zionism and the other on the ADL. There just may, after all, be some substance in Carto's complaints. Merely to criticize him for criticizing others isn't enough. Show us he's wrong by printing the two articles suggested.

West Chester, Pa.

WALTER BRAUN

The venom of C. H. Simonds' article on Willis Carto suggests he might be one of Carto's former employees.

Toledo, Ohio

MRS. C. E. STOOPS

. . . and Yockey

I am a loyal subscriber to and an enthusiastic reader of *NATIONAL REVIEW*, and your feature article on Willis Carto was one of the many things which make *NATIONAL REVIEW* my favorite magazine. But there was a bonus in that article—Francis P. Yockey. Perhaps my own experiences with him may interest you and throw additional light upon a strange character.

During most of World War II, I was in the Military Justice branches of the

Army Judge Advocate General's Corps, or Division as it was then. After serving in Washington and the Pacific Ocean area, I was assigned in September or October of 1945 to the American War Crimes Group Wiesbaden, and put in charge of the Post Trial Section, which is where, before long, I ran into Mr. Yockey.

A lot of the lawyers who had served on acting duty through the war were being discharged and going home, and the Army was filling slots with civilian lawyers, who were arriving to take their places. Some of them were not too sound as lawyers. Among them was Francis P. Yockey, and he arrived, if my memory serves me correctly, some time during the winter of 1945-1946, and was assigned to my section.

He was a very strange and uncommunicative person, but my attention was quickly drawn to him. The most notable thing about him was that he never could be found. His absenteeism was chronic. As I remember it, what finally happened was that he was assigned to one of our outlying detachments, such as Dachau, perhaps, or Heidelberg—and that he just disappeared. He probably melted into the gray area of the AWOL soldiers (and civilians) who were absent from their units, but scraped a living by all sorts of conniving and finagling in a badly disrupted economy. I do remember that he had brought his wife over to join him after he arrived and that she and their two small children were on our hands for a while. I met him and her on the street in Wiesbaden once, before he bolted, and he introduced me to her. She was a mousy little creature, pale and grey, and seemed completely cowed by him. My brief impression of him had been that those whom he could dominate, he would. What ever became of her and the children, I do not know. From your article I assume that they were not in his life at the time of his suicide in 1960.

I am most interested in the portion of your article which refers to "differences with his superiors over what he felt was unfair treatment of Nazi military and political leaders." I am sure, in retrospect, that he must have felt that way. But I was his immediate superior, and he and I never tangled over this. As I said, almost from the beginning, his record was one of absenteeism. Perhaps he gave that reason for having deserted, or he might have rejoined the War Crimes Group after I came home in January 1947 and had these "differences" then. I do not imply that you are in error. It is just that my recollection is slightly different.

I had often wondered in the 25 years that have intervened what had become of him. Well, now I know, in part, what became of him. What a sad ending, even for a madman! Hermann Goering on the floor of his cell at Nuremberg on a cold dark morning in December 1946, Adolf Hitler in the bunker in Berlin, and

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1. Date of filing: September 17, 1971.
2. Title of publication: *NATIONAL REVIEW*.
3. Frequency of issue: Weekly.
4. Location of known office of publication: 50 Emmett Street, Bristol, Conn. 06010.
5. Location of the headquarters or general business offices of the publishers: 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016.
6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor: Publisher, William A. Rusher, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016; Editor, Wm. F. Buckley Jr., 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016; Managing Editor, Priscilla L. Buckley, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016.
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	Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months	Single Issue Nearest to Filing Date 10/8/71
a) Total No. Copies Printed	137,542	132,900
b) Paid Circulation		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales:	7,907	7,500
2. Mail subscriptions:	107,876	103,600
c) Total paid circulation:	115,783	111,100
d) Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means		
1. Samples, complimentary, or other free copies:	1,421	1,480
2. Copies distributed to news agents, but not sold:	17,746	18,500
e) Total distribution (sum of c and d)	134,950	131,080
f) Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing:	2,592	1,820
g) Total (Sum of e and f—should equal net press run shown in a):	137,542	132,900

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(Signed) William A. Rusher, Publisher



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The Wall Street Journal
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Much in demand, that is. Conservatives have shown substantial gains for the last few elections and now we're being taken seriously. People who never paid the least bit of attention are suddenly interested. We notice it in the requests for speakers we are already getting from non-conservative groups. If this is any indication it's going to get harder and harder to find a good conservative speaker. They all will have been spoken for, so to speak. Don't let this happen to you or your organization. If you want to launch a candidacy, put some life into your campaign, create publicity, sell tickets for any worthy cause—you need a good speaker. And you get the best at Catherine Babcock, Inc. So why not take the first step now. Just drop us a line.

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Francis P. Yockey in a jail cell in San Francisco. Not with a bang, but a whimper!

Thanks so much for tying up some loose ends!

Cleveland, Ohio

SAMUEL SONENFIELD

POWs

I wish to add some details to your paragraph on the repatriation of French POWs held by the Vietminh ["The Week" Sept. 10]. Here are two quotations from Bernard Fall's *Hell in a Very Small Place*: "Not a single POW with severe injuries of the abdomen, chest or skull survived captivity. . . of the total of 36,979 POWs captured by the Vietminh since 1946, a total of 10,754 (or 28.5 per cent) were repatriated." "By placing the returnee rate at a conservative one-third, including those captured since the beginning of the battle [Dienbienphu], it is possible to estimate that about three thousand men (including the 885 directly repatriated from Dienbienphu) out of a total of 16,544 eventually returned from Dienbienphu. Over three thousand died in the battlefield area and a few hundred others . . . disappeared in Eastern Europe. But the rest, close to ten thousand men, died on the trek or in the prison camps in less than three months' time." These are hard statistical facts, which cannot, and should not, be overlooked.

Newark, N.J.

PRESCOTT G. TOLMAN

America's Empire

I enjoyed immensely James Burnham's column "Joys and Sorrows of Empire" [July 13]. If one carries the premises into the area of the individual, one wonders how long we can retain what little freedom we have left. I would imagine it takes a certain amount of intestinal fortitude to write about such things in an age when it is accepted (by camp intellectuals) to provide copouts for greed, sloth, ineptitude and preoccupation with "creature capering" instead of attempting to realize our potentialities by trying to minimize them. But I do have a quibble. There is one point that Mr. Burnham brings up as an example of our national copout, which might better have been left out: that monumental sop to national vanity, the SST.

Deerfield, Ill.

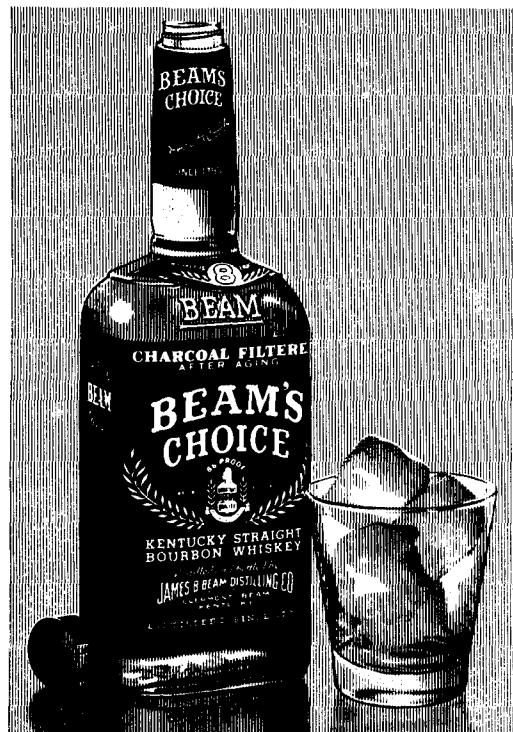
JOHN MILLET

Sell and Unsell

In my opinion, NATIONAL REVIEW is guilty of impugning advertising's professional integrity for its own political purposes, in Patrick Maines' "The Unselling of the Vietnam War" [Aug. 10]. My own antiwar view, held by other conservatives (e.g., Paul Harvey), may be the unknowing source of my opposition to NR's response. But certainly I would not approve the ad you presented on page 858 for publication in any way other than with an expression of editorial indignation.

(Continues on page 1132)

Don't lean on it.



To depend on, or lean on Beam's Choice as a method of coping with your job, or your wife or your mother-in-law is nothing more than a waste of your time and our fine Bourbon.

After all, Beam's Choice is aged eight long years. Every drop is charcoal filtered after aging—the most expensive way. The result is a Bourbon that should be enjoyed. And savored. As we understand it, a crutch should be made of wood.

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WHILE MILLIONS of Americans were jazz-dancing their way into bankruptcy during the 20s, a smaller number were preparing for a rainy day. And rain it did — for ten years.

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And he shows you what the effect will be on you, your job or business, your personal finances, your family... shows you what your plan should be in each crisis — but always in light of the devaluation that is now a fact:

☐ **Continued Inflation.** What will have to happen to the supply of paper money if the present spiral continues. What this means to you. What steps to take right now, while there is time. What drastic measures you should avoid.

☐ **Short-Term Recession.** Popular hedges. What will happen to prices. Effects upon business. What this means to you. Certain profit sources that may remain intact.

☐ **Depression.** Will the next depression be deeper and longer than the last one? What will happen to personal credit? What this means to

How To Achieve Your Financial Goals — in Spite of Devaluation... And Because of It!

While unwily investors all around you are losing their shirts because of devaluation, there's absolutely no reason for you to share their plight. That's why we call *How You Can Profit from the Coming Devaluation* a "selfish" book.

Browne's surefooted plan of defense and offense consists of 6 investments, designed to give you:

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- An excellent profit from the devaluation itself.

- Peace of mind—no matter what happens.

This 6-investment program can work for you whether you can write a check for \$5,000 or \$100,000. Indeed, Browne breaks down the investment opportunities according to your present assets, shows you exactly how much to put into each of these investments:

1. **Cash in dollars.** How much you need on hand. Where to keep it. What to do about your checking account. Where NOT to keep a savings account.

2. **Swiss francs.** Their special strengths. How to convert your dollars to Swiss francs easily. How to open a Swiss-franc bank account. Addresses and procedures. Laws.

3. **Silver coins.** Numismatic value. Spending money. How much to keep in silver coins. Melting. Where to store. Where to buy.

4. **Silver bullion.** How to use leverage to buy. Who will sell you bullion.

5. **Gold stocks.** How this will profit you through 3 economic crises.

6. **Retreat.** Why you need one. How to acquire a safe one.

Risk-Free Examination

Mail \$5.95 with coupon below for *How You Can Profit from the Coming Devaluation*. Return it within 30 days if not pleased, for full refund plus extra money to reimburse you for return postage. Mail to your bookseller or: Arlington House Publishers, 81 Centre Ave., New Rochelle, New York 10801.

THE INVESTMENT PROGRAM — BASED UPON AMOUNT OF ASSETS

Item	Amount of Money to be Used				
	\$5,000	\$10,000	\$20,000	\$50,000	\$100,000
Cash in dollars					
Swiss francs					
Silver coins					
Silver bullion					
Gold stocks					
Retreat					
Other Investments					

How much money would you allot to each investment? Write in your figures, then check with Harry Browne's advice on page 169 of *HOW YOU CAN PROFIT FROM THE COMING DEVALUATION*.

sets and actually multiply them in the darkest hours.

Plain-Language Advice Any Layman Can Understand — and Act On

Because an investor (or anyone with just a savings or a checking account) cannot survive a devaluation without a solid understanding of the nature of our money system and just what happens to it in devaluation, Harry Browne spells it out in clear, everyday language free of technical jargon. He calls on his vast knowledge of economics, history, crowd psychology, and the way a welfare state misbehaves in a time of crisis, to show you that we may expect several economic cataclysms before the devaluation that is bound to come.

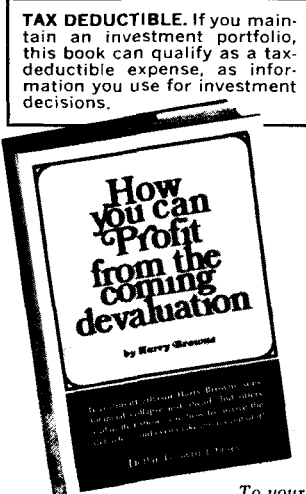
you. The collapse of the welfare state. Little-known protective measures.

☐ **Runaway Inflation.** Guidelines to use if paper becomes totally worthless. The only way out. A precaution you must start to think about today.

The very thought of these crippling events can numb the most determined investor. But those who lose from devaluation will be those who do nothing. Or who accept conventional investment advice. Those few who come out ahead will be those who are not afraid to stand apart from the crowd. Who have taken the trouble NOW to understand why devaluation makes investing and protecting your money a whole new ball game.

Investment	Inflation	Recession	Depression	Runaway	
				Inflation	Devaluation
Bonds					
Cash, savings accounts					
Commodities					
Diamonds, etc.					
Gold bullion					
Gold coins					
Gold stocks					
Life insurance					
Mortgages					
Real estate, income					
Real estate, land					
Real estate, residential					
Retirement plans					
Short selling					
Silver bullion					
Silver coins					
Silver stocks					
Stocks, mutual funds					
Swiss francs					

What do you think of the chances for each investment during the 5 economic crises? Write in your answers, then check page 146 of *How You Can Profit from the Coming Devaluation*. Browne evaluates each one, grades it from "very good" to "worthless," and tells exactly why.



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FOR THE SILENT MAJORITY

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Send, postpaid, Harry Browne's *How You Can Profit from the Coming Devaluation*. I enclose \$5.95, and will allow 2 weeks for delivery. If not pleased, I may return book within 30 days of delivery for full refund plus extra money to cover my return postage.

NR 461

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Fast displacing **Angela Davis** as Number One issue in Communist-left press: Political prisoners. Newest Day-glo stickers advertised by *World* (CP) read: "Free Angela and All Political Prisoners." . . . Trotskyist **People's Coalition for Peace and Justice** now says its Oct. 25-29 demonstrations in Washington will be for 1) withdrawal now, 2) guaranteed annual income of \$6,500 for family of four, and 3) release of all political prisoners. . . . Blowups to be expected all over Oct. 13—that's first anniversary of Angela Davis arrest, demonstrations planned for her, also to protest **George Jackson** killing, **Attica**. . . . **Carl Stokes**, the retiring mayor of Cleveland, getting lot of flak in *Militant* for his statement of support for **Rockefeller** on Attica. Stokes says he can't agree with **Bobby Seale** that Rockefeller was to blame for what happened there. . . . Chilling comment on Attica (*NYT*, Sept. 17) by New Yorker who survived **Auschwitz** concentration camp, about activities of **William Kunstler**. "I hate him. He's a Jew and I'm a Jew and would kill him if I didn't have a wife and kids. I know what it is like to live without law. He does not, but he talks all the time like he does. I would kill him. . . ."

■ Significant break on the Left: **Progressive Labor Party**, which split off from **Communist Party** a decade ago to follow **Mao Tse-tung**, has now broken with him (*Progressive Labor Magazine*, Nov. 1971). Editorial calls Mao's China "a capitalist state" and calls Mao himself and his followers "revisionists" and part of China's "red bourgeoisie." Also denounced, the "Maoist personality cult." . . . The *Militant* (paper of Trotskyist **Socialist Workers Party**) moving more and more the third-party way, *vide* its new subscription pitch, a picture of an alligator with caption: "To vote for the Democratic Party . . . is to crawl on your belly away from the



Waller, *London Sunday Telegraph* Ben Roth
"Certainly I have nothing pornographic
—I don't even have a pornograph."

Movement." . . . *Militant* also against **Bella Abzug** and **Shirley Chisholm** as leaders of chicklib movement because they work within the party system.

■ About the draft extension vote: As expected, Presidential contenders **Kennedy**, **Muskie**, **McGovern**, **Bayh**, **Humphrey**, **Proxmire** were against it, **Jackson** for it. **Fred Harris** (Oklahoma) managed to vote to end antidraft filibuster and skip the vote on the draft itself. . . . **Birch Bayh**, who led successful anti-**Carswell** and **Haynsworth** fights, says Nixon should nominate a woman to Supreme Court and offers four names, all Democrats, all fighting liberals, none Southern. . . . **George McGovern**, evenhanded to the end, says if he's elected President he will give draft resisters amnesty and he won't (rpt) won't try those who were "responsible for planning and executing the war." (But then, as columnist **John Roche**

points out, when McGovern says what he'll do when President it's like "**Daniel Berrigan** saying whom he'll appoint Archbishop of New York when he gets to be Pope.") . . . **Evans and Novak** report pushiness of **Lindsay** men in Miami Beach put off a lot of Democratic governors; they didn't know whether to laugh or cry at handsome lucite remembrances which had **Lindsay's** credo ("The Democratic Party Is the Party of Greatness") on one side, **Hizzoner's** handsome mug on t'other.

■ **Fulton Lewis III** is heading Committee for a Responsible Dialogue which will offer campuses that are signing up **Rennie Davis**, **Jerry Rubin**, **William Kunstler**, **Abbie Hoffman**, **Jane Fonda** etc. as speakers, conservative alternatives, among them, Sen. **William Brock**, Congressmen **Philip Crane** and **Guy Vander Jagt**, **Jay Parker**, a young black YAF national headquarters staffer, and **Wm. A. Rusher**, of NATIONAL REVIEW and *The Advocates*. . . . Right-wing circles in Washington discussing whether **Conservative Party of New York** will offer **Richard Nixon** its nomination next year. The debate, in '68, you'll recall, was whether **Nelson Rockefeller** would be successful in keeping Nixon's name off the Conservative ballot. He was and Nixon lost New York. . . . Annual Conservative Party dinner now scheduled for October 8. **Waldorf-Astoria**, NYC, featured speakers, Sen. **James** and **William F. Buckley**. (For info, tickets, write or call Conservative Party, 468 Park Avenue South, Tel: 689-8400.)

■ Could be news for **Soviet Jews**: Article in CPUSA *World Magazine* by **Semyon Rabinovich** ends on a happy note: "The bulk of Soviet Jews are fervent patriots of their socialist homeland, and their supreme goal is, together with all the peoples, to build up a new life, the name of which is Communism."

Now, for the first time, a nationwide "One Stop Shopping" service that searches-out the finest —MOST DELICIOUS— health foods for you and your family!

These 12 health foods are yours to taste and enjoy... absolutely free!



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As a Charter Member of The National Health Food Society you'll receive absolutely free our special Health Food Sampler-Set. It's a regular \$3.95 value, and it's yours free, simply because we want you to find out about a more healthful and natural way of eating—and living!

5 IMPORTANT QUESTIONS YOU SHOULD ASK

(1) What is a "Health Food?"

It's one that's been organically-grown—the old-fashioned way—with no pesticides, weed-killers or fungicides. And no preservatives or chemical additives used during manufacturing and packaging.

(2) Why are health foods better for me and my family?

Because they are free from the chemicals being used so profusely. Even today, we don't know how damaging these chemicals are to our bodies. We do know that many of them build-up over the years and can be extremely harmful. Organically-grown health foods, on the other hand, are more healthful and nutritious because we leave Mother Nature alone to do the work that she does best!

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(4) Why are health foods hard to find?

First, because they're grown in less quantity; it takes more time, care and patience to produce a successful crop of health foods than it does when you have "chemical helpers." And second, because more and more people are now enjoying health foods, thus making them less available.

(5) If they're harder to grow and less available than "regular" foods, how can you provide them at a savings?

Because The National Health Food Society is a very large provider of health foods. We have special bulk-purchase agreements with our suppliers that allow us to buy in larger quantities and at lower prices than anyone else. We pass these savings along to you.

"SOCIETY" MEMBERSHIP ENTITLES YOU TO THESE SPECIAL PRIVILEGES



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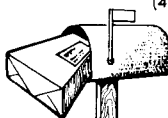


(2) A FREE subscription... to "The Health Foods Illustrated Guidebook" magazine and catalogue. It's a full colorful magazine from which you may select from

the more than 250 health foods, natural vitamins and organic cosmetics. And learn about the people, places and things of importance in the "ecology and health food world" of today.



(3) **Special Value Credits**...with each purchase from the "Society." You can use them to make bonus purchases from our Special Bonus Products Catalogue. You'll save as much as 40% on purchases you make through the "Society."



(4) **Arm-chair shopping convenience.**

There's no need to hassle the crowded stores and traffic. The "Society" will ship your orders—direct to your doorstep—within 1 day!

HEALTH FOODS THAT DO MORE & COST LESS

Here's your chance to stake a claim in tomorrow! You can tell the "chemically-oriented" food processors and growers that you don't want to eat chemicals anymore! And you can enjoy a more vital, healthful life by treating yourself and your family to many naturally-grown foods and food products. Furthermore, you need no longer pay a premium price for these quality health foods. The "Society's" mass purchasing power brings down the cost of health foods exclusively for its membership.

Your complete, straight-forward GUARANTEE

If you're not completely satisfied with your Health Food Sampler-Set, simply advise us within 10 days and we will promptly refund your entire Membership Fee. Your Charter Membership in the "Society" will be cancelled and there will be no obligation on your part whatsoever.

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Please rush me the FREE Health Food Sampler-Set along with the newest "Illustrated Guidebook of Health Foods." Also send me FREE health food samples as they become available. I enclose my \$5 Lifetime Membership Fee. This

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NR-10-5

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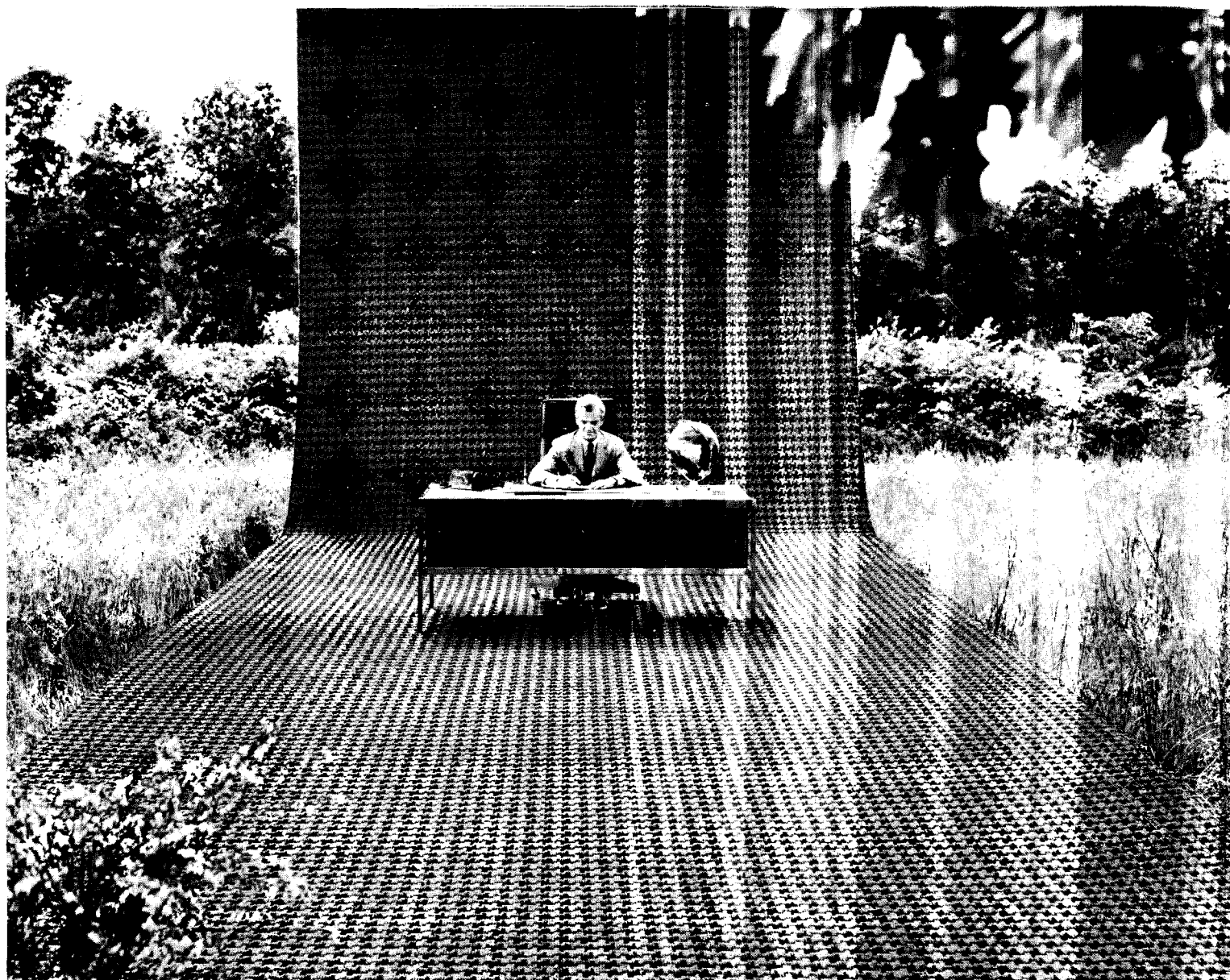
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Check One: ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Acct. # _____

Exp. Date _____

Signature _____



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If it's in the future of textiles, chances are it will come from Milliken.

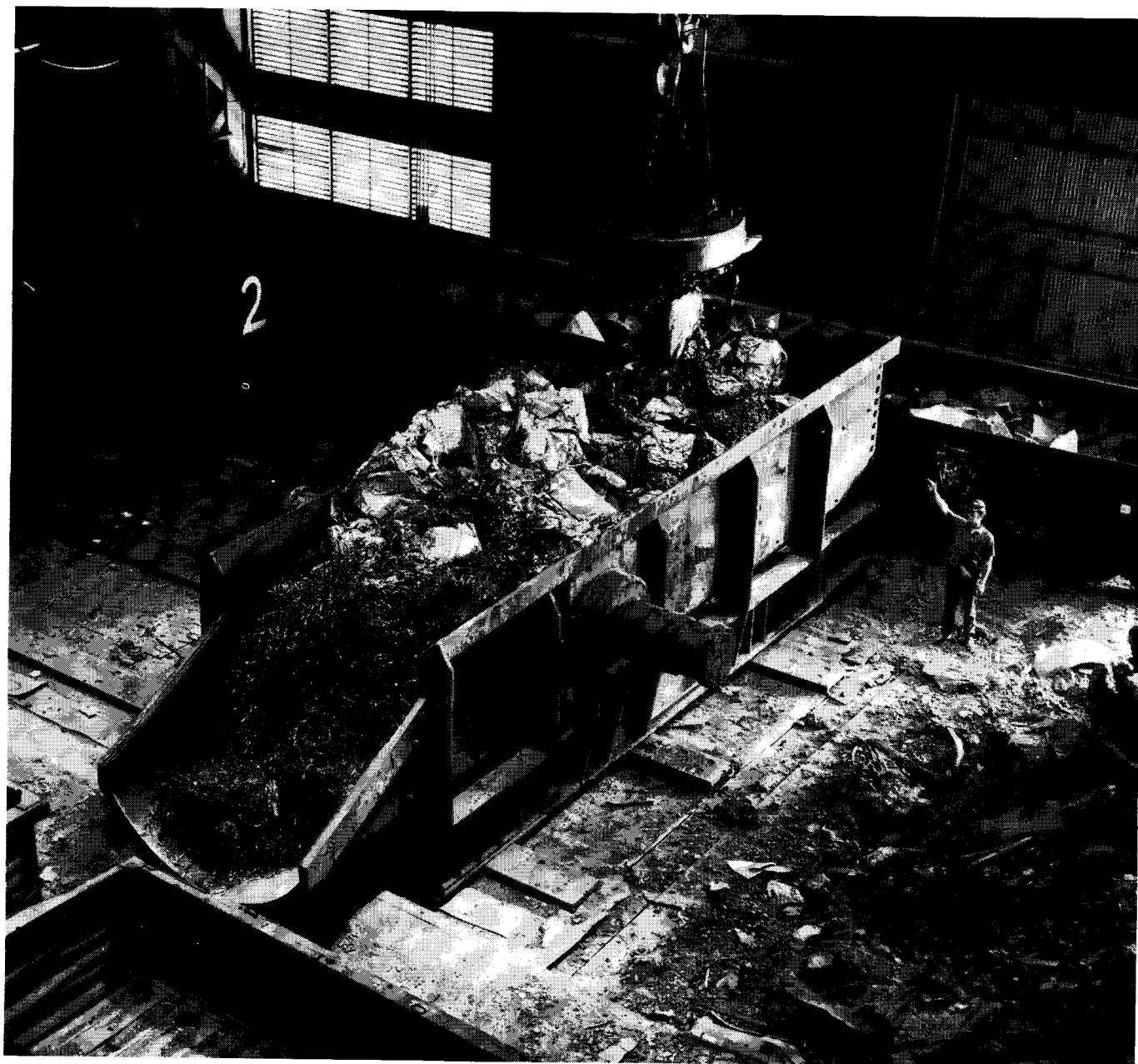


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Recycling is "old hat" to the steel industry. For the past 30 years, more than half the raw material used to make new steel has been old steel. Today's cans and cars and carpet tacks and thousands of other products are made from steel recycled from yesterday's cars and carpet tacks and thousands of other products—29,000,000 tons' worth last year alone.

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**Tinplate Producers
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STEEL—the recycled material.

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THE WEEK

■ MEMO, FOUND IN A SENATE WASTEBASKET, TO EDMUND MUSKIE FROM SAMMY DAVIS JR.:

Will a Jew
Do?

■ Senator Henry Jackson used to support President Nixon's Vietnam policies (see p. 1136). Now, like the other Democratic contenders, Jackson is disagreeing. Recently he said that if President Thieu runs for re-election unopposed the United States should cut off economic aid to South Vietnam. President Nixon commented: "If what the Senator is suggesting is that the U.S. should use its leverage now to overthrow Thieu, I would remind all concerned that the way we got into Vietnam was through overthrowing Diem and the complicity in the murder of Diem . . ."

■ Uh-oh. To offset the influence of New York's conservative senator, James L. Buckley, New York's other senator, Jacob Javits, has decided to devote all his energies to his government job. Having concluded that he is no longer able to spend one day a week on his private law practice, Senator Javits will resign from his law firm. Which he formed a year *after* he was first elected to the Senate. Fourteen part-time years ago?

■ "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion," or—Our Fathers who sit on the Supreme Court taught us to forget this clause in the First Amendment—"or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. . . ." So, from 1963 on, prayers or Bible reading in public schools have been strictly forbidden. Little else has. The other day the House of Representatives overrode its Judiciary Committee and pried loose a proposed prayer amendment for a floor vote later this fall. Proponents believe they're near to the necessary two-thirds vote in the House. But the Senate, so zealous in support of the rights of just about any group imaginable to do anything conceivable, appears likely to reject the amendment which aims to protect the right of persons "lawfully assembled, in any public building which is supported in whole or in part through expenditure of public funds, to participate in nondenominational prayer." If by some miracle the amendment passes both houses, the state legislatures would probably approve it with little delay, and American children will be permitted to spend a portion of their time on thoughts about their Maker.

■ New York's Conservative Party polled some of its members and found that, for them, Nixon's still the one. Forty-eight per cent chose Richard Nixon as the man they wanted the party to support in '72. Runner-up was

Ronald Reagan with 33 per cent. Only 4 per cent of the Conservatives were behind George Wallace.

■ That lovable old codger Justice Douglas is back, with a new minibook: *Holocaust or Hemispheric Co-op: Cross-Currents in Latin America*. Hear ye: "The hostility of the United States to revolution is the one force that stands in the way of basic change" (basic change equals revolution equals good). Thus, we shouldn't have let the CIA and "conservatism" force us to interfere in the Dominican Republic in 1965; we're just as bad as the Russians: "Czechoslovakia, far from being capitalistic, as the Soviet Union contended, was talking about freedom. The Dominicans, far from being Communists, were talking about removing themselves from the shadow of the United States" (capitalism has nothing to do with freedom; Communist-indulging demagogues like Juan Bosch have nothing to do with Communism, only sunlight). Justice Douglas should be (check one)

- ☐ Impeached
- ☐ Hanged
- ☐ Recycled
- ☐ Laughed out of court.

■ When it comes to Mayor John Lindsay, the *New York Times* prints only the news it deems fit to print. What's news to us is who's just found that out—Jack Newfield, no less, the Fountain of Eternal Youth at the *Village Voice*. In the September 16 issue, Newfield points to some glaring examples of the *Times*' bias. Take one headline: "A Survey of Youth Puts Lindsay in Front of Nixon." The lead paragraph, referring to a national poll of high-school graduates, has Lindsay getting 46 per cent of their vote against Nixon's 36 per cent. A look at the second paragraph, however, shows Sen. Edmund Muskie with 57 per cent to Mr. Nixon's 28 per cent and Sen. Edward Kennedy with 49 per cent to the President's 34 per cent. So in fact, the headline and lead *mislead* and Lindsay, it turns out, actually trails well behind both Muskie and Kennedy.

■ So now Hirohito, Japan's marine-biologist emperor, emerges as the evil genius of World War II. "Revisionist" historians have had a decades-long field day reinterpret-

Problem Perspiration

In case you haven't noticed, Ted
Is closing in on Frantic Ed.
Though Teddy says he will not file,
He won't say no in Sherman style.
I know few memories are firm
As feedback from a pachyderm,
But I remember all the stops
Before the fellow called the cops.
That's why I tend to sweat a lot
When pollsters finger Camelot.

W. H. VON DREELE

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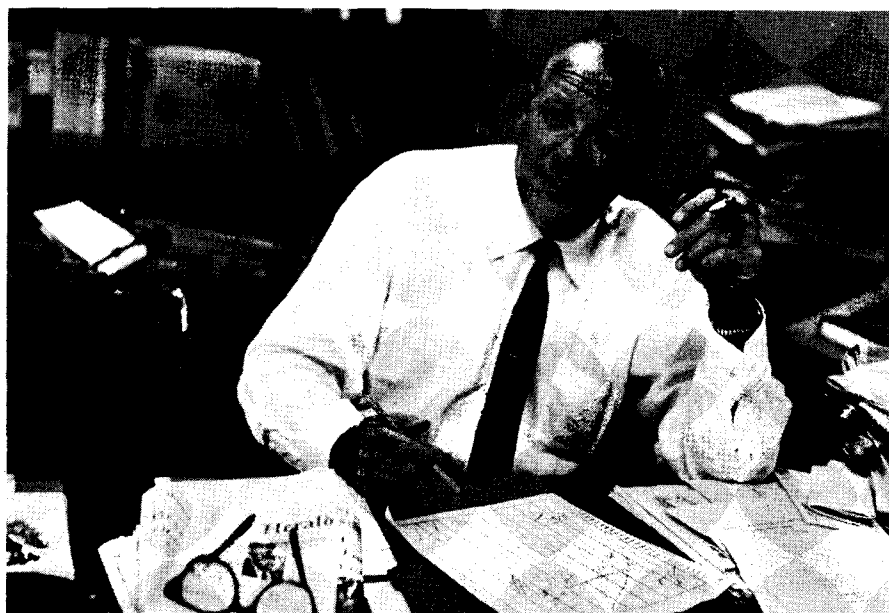
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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Can crime survive in the nation's capital? Not only survive but grow stronger and stronger, if some of Washington's leading black officials have their way. Consider the following:

Traditionally, convicted felons who are out of prison on probation or parole are denied rights accorded the more law-abiding citizenry, including, among other things, the right to vote. Earlier this year, the District of Columbia's first congressman, the Reverend Walter E. Fauntroy, introduced a bill which would enfranchise such felons in the District, where they number, according to Fauntroy, in the neighborhood of twenty to twenty-five thousand.

For a piece of first-time legislation the bill has moved quickly, if quietly, through the House Committee on the District of Columbia, which in the present Congress has a greatly expanded liberal bloc. Some say the speed and stealth with which the matter has been handled might not be unrelated to the forthcoming controversial election of a new Washington school board. In that race the at-large candidate is Fauntroy's close political ally Marion Barry, chief

of a local "self-help" poverty program which has had on its payroll many felons, who himself has had a number of scrapes with the D.C. police.

But for the personal political overtones, the Fauntroy bill might not appear overly bothersome, even though fewer than ten other jurisdictions have comparable measures. More interesting, however, is Fauntroy's statement that this bill is just the first step in restoring the "civil rights" of this "oppressed minority group." Among other rights he would restore are the rights to *hold public office* and to *serve on juries*.

Just who comprises this "oppressed minority group"? Many of them are felons with little chance of acquittal, but with whom prosecutors—due to the glut of criminal cases in the District's courts—are willing to "plea bargain," that is, offer a reduced or suspended sentence in return for a guilty plea, thus helping to ease the strain on the courts. Recidivism figures indicate that 60 per cent of this "oppressed minority group" will be rearrested.

If that doesn't bother you because you live out of Washington, consider the co-sponsors: Ron Dellums of Berkeley, Charles Diggs of Detroit and Abner Mikva of Chicago.

■ Increasing concern is being expressed in Congress over the deterioration of America's military posture. Prior to the August recess, remarkably bipartisan groups in both the Senate and the House documented the depressing facts and spelled out the inevitable consequences.

Now, Senator Margaret Chase Smith of Maine—not regarded a hardline supporter of the military and a last-minute holdout on ABM last year—has joined the fight.

In announcing her unenthusiastic support for the 1972 defense authorization bill ("about the best we can hope for despite its deficiencies in national defense and national security"), she described it as "the latest step in the steady, uninterrupted trend making the United States a second-rate power incapable of assuring the future security and freedom of its people."

While expressing understanding of widespread concern over domestic needs in light of disillusionment with the war in Southeast Asia, Mrs. Smith succinctly summarized her own view: "Our domestic and welfare priorities mean nothing if we grow so militarily inferior that the enemy takes over."

—CATO

ing the past. Gabriel Kolko told us nine years ago that Teddy Roosevelt was really a conservative; other New Left historians have subsequently let us in on the same hot poop about Teddy's cousin Franklin. And we *all* know that Uncle Sam caused the cold war. Now in a new book just out, Mr. David Bergamini, a former Rhodes scholar born in Tokyo, contends that the mild-mannered descendant of the Sun Goddess was personally and directly responsible for Japan's military designs from the Manchuria venture in 1931 to Pearl Harbor. Appearing just as President Nixon goes to meet His Imperial Majesty in Alaska this week, Mr. Bergamini's book is bound to add to the iciness suddenly developed between Japan and the United States. America's leading Japanologist, Harvard Professor (and former ambassador) Edwin O. Reischauer, brands the Bergamini thesis "improbable." But Sir William Webb, a former justice of Australia's Supreme Court who headed the international war-crimes tribunal in Tokyo (1946-48), concurs with Bergamini's thesis. One only fears, in the developing atmosphere, that if Bergamini's thesis proves true, the Emperor will be doubly endeared of his people.

■ We can only assume that the following, published in *Pravda Ukrainy* (Kiev) on July 23, was intended utterly to confound those who have been instructed in the dogma

that the Council on Foreign Relations, and its organ, *Foreign Affairs*, are instruments of International Communism: "Take, for example, the periodical, *Foreign Affairs*. Formally, it is published by a private organization called 'The Council for Foreign Relations.' In fact, the periodical is a semiofficial publication of the State Department and the USIA. During Lenin's centenary year [1970] its pages were splashed over with writings saturated with a pathological hatred for Communism and the Soviet Union by Victor Chernov and by various anti-Communist professors and former 'cold war' diplomats."

■ A straight line is not the shortest distance between two points, at least not according to Chief Justice Warren E. Burger. The long, mahogany bench that has served the U.S. Supreme Court for 182 years will be transformed into a half hexagon. It appears that the Justices, lacking peripheral vision and hearing, have been interrupting and not listening to each other for years and the new, shallow "U" will correct all that. The implied axiom is that the Justices have something to learn from listening to each other. Well, we're willing to try anything.

■ Stricter laws, better enforcement of existing laws and exceptional weather have combined to clear the air in New York. In 1952 New York started measuring its air.

The first day the air ever got a "good" rating was May 23, 1971. Since then there have been more than twenty such days. Throughout the country the story is much the same. Eugene Guccione, a chemical engineer writing in the *Boston Globe*, says that as far as particulates (dust and other airborne solid matter) are concerned, our air is far cleaner today than it was during the Depression, hitherto considered the good old days by the clean air crowd.

■ Yes, Virginia, there is an Immaculate Heart College in Hollywood, California. And guess what. That's right, Virginia. Tom Hayden, the Yippie convicted of conspiracy during that 1968 Chicago Convention, has been hired to teach a political science course at the school. As Dr. Mary Pew, stop giggling, that's her name, chairman of the government department, says, having Tom Hayden on campus is "one way" they can give the girls of Immaculate Heart a "well-rounded education." After all, you've got to have a little *maculation* in there somehow, before you can appreciate *immaculation*, right?

■ Reverend Douglas Smith, pastor of the United Methodist Church, Etna, Siskiyou County, California, climbed atop Mt. Shasta to spend the year. Reverend Smith was protesting can-you-guess-what. Three months later, he climbed down again. It was cold up there and getting colder, and anyway, actually, the only reason Reverend Smith returned, or at least the only reason he gave, was that he didn't want to jeopardize the lives of his support team and besides so what if he came down before the year was out, what did that have to do with the war in Southeast Asia? Besides, everybody knows the flesh is weak, even the flesh of the Reverend Douglas Smith, pastor of the United Methodist Church, Etna, Siskiyou County, California.

■ New York City Police Commissioner Murphy has come out in favor of legalizing the numbers racket because "it would cut off organized crime from a chief source of revenue and eliminate a main cause of police

corruption." Are Nixon's China policy and economic stance based on the theory that they will help curtail absurdity and irresponsibility in the intellectual community?

■ **HELP WANTED:** Sincere gentleman seeks running-mate. Caucasian preferred, but natural sense of rhythm no obstacle. Contact E. Muskie.

Red China to the UN

As everyone recognizes, Red China will be offered—though it may not immediately accept—seats both on the Security Council and in the General Assembly. This transaction now is inevitable—made so, it could plausibly be argued, by the failure both successfully to "unleash" Chiang or to adopt MacArthur's "forward strategy" during the crucial period of the Korean War; made so, surely, by the consolidation of the Mao regime following the Cultural Revolution as well as by the realpolitik of the continuing Soviet-Chinese hostility.

American conservatives are divided on this issue in, broadly speaking, three ways. Some have denounced Richard Nixon for even the moves so far made, and may be permanently irreconcilable. A second group will go along reluctantly with the Red Chinese seating, but only on condition that the Republic of China on Taiwan retains its UN membership. If Taipei is forced out, these conservatives will never forgive Nixon—reasoning, correctly, that the U.S. can make virtually any reasonable policy prevail in the UN if it presses it with sufficient vigor. Still a third group of conservatives, placing less weight on the symbolic meaning of the UN moves, will desert Nixon only if his diplomacy endangers our strategic position in the Pacific, understanding Taiwan to be a vital part of that strategic position. Nixon's chances of re-election in 1972 are certain to be affected by his diplomacy during the forthcoming weeks.

Mr. Justice Black Retires

Surely there have been few judges in the history of Anglo-American jurisprudence as lacking in traditional judicial qualities as Justice Black: impartiality, even-handedness, patience, a willingness to listen to others, respect for precedent. When it transpired, shortly after his appointment, that he had been a member of the Ku Klux Klan, the nation largely missed the point. It was not that Justice Black was a racist and religious bigot—his career in the Senate had shown that he was no longer one. The point was that he was an extremist and his Senate career had shown that he had so remained. In the Senate he had been a fanatical New Dealer. He conducted investigations with vindictiveness, particularly his investigation of the shipping industry. He explained in an

A Good Dreele Easier

Well friends it's quite a good dreele easier
(However many times you try your hand)
Venting spleens sans anesthesia;
Or swimming shackled half the Rio Grande;
Narrating Bernstein's "Mass" without the score;
Dewrinkling hags with oil of monkey gland;
Resettling Mrs. Gandhi in Lahore;
Enrolling Thurgood Marshall in the Klan—
Easier by far, amigos, than
Letting doggerel do as deep critique.
Enough, mon vieux; enough of poet's pique.

DAVID BRUDNOY

article in *Harper's Magazine* that his objective as a congressional investigator was "pitiless publicity." He continued to be an extremist while on the Court, but of a kind impossible for an ordinary judge to be because the ordinary judge is rarely concerned with broad questions of public policy. But Justice Black served on a Court that has become a superlegislature, a continuing constitutional convention. As he had in the Senate, he continued to promote his own policy concepts with intransigence, paying about the same respect to precedent that a senator would pay to existing legislation.

In his early years in high office, Black, joining with such old-style liberals such as Stone, Brandeis and Cardozo, succeeded only in removing judicial obstruction of various New Deal legislation. As time wore on, however, Black began to have a peculiar effect of his own, first through dissent and later through commanding majorities. of crime and the jamming of the courts. With startling constitutional innovation in his famous dissent in a criminal case, *Adamson v. California*. The crux of his thesis was and remained that all rights specifically safeguarded by the first eight amendments to the Constitution, beginning with free speech and assembly, are "incorporated" in the Fourteenth Amendment passed in the aftermath of the Civil War.

As this doctrine gained ground, the country was subjected to a veritable revolution in jurisprudence, and the reason is not far to seek. The Bill of Rights, as originally passed, was meant to limit the sovereignty and powers of the Federal Government only and the Fourteenth Amendment was aimed against the states. The Black doctrine of "incorporation" meant a diminution in states' rights and gave the Federal Government new and enormous powers over every citizen in the land.

This revolution reached its full fruition with the advent of Chief Justice Warren. The rights of persons accused and convicted of crime were multiplied, those of state and local prosecutors and police were sharply curtailed with results that are all too apparent, in the rise of crime and the jamming of the courts. With startling rapidity the Court struck down local laws against obscenity. Using the Fourteenth Amendment to maximum leverage the Court banned de jure segregation in the public schools, and went on to force the reapportionment of voting districts on the basis of "one-man one-vote." School prayers were out and pornography was in.

It would be unfair to Hugo Black to say that he was the sole guiding spirit of this transformation of the Court into a legislative body always favoring centralized federal power. It also should be noted that in his last years

Black drew back from some of his extreme positions and in the matter of crime and civil disobedience sometimes sided with the conservatives. Indeed Chief Justice Warren Burger sometimes found Black an effective ally—something that cannot be said of Justice Douglas or, usually, Brennan, or Thurgood Marshall. Still it is a bit ridiculous to portray Black as part of the press has done as a true conservative or as a "strict constructionist" of the Constitution. For the Constitution as originally adopted envisaged a Federal Government of limited powers with those not specifically delegated reserved to the states and to the people. It is time to return to that original insight, and with Black's resignation, President Nixon has another chance to help reaffirm it.

More of the Same

So—after seven months of squabbling, the Draft Extension Bill was passed pretty much in the form the Administration introduced it last February. We are to have the draft for two more years, with no embarrassing get-out-of-Vietnam strings attached. Nobody emerges looking very good from this overlong gestation. The summer heroes who tried to tack on the Mansfield Amendment wound up petulantly threatening a filibuster, and got clotured. The White House, which should have been able to get so routine a bill through in a breeze, eventually had to trot out several big guns to threaten that unless the draft were extended we would wake up tomorrow morning with a defense posture equal to Costa Rica's and was forced to agree to a military pay raise that looks inappropriate during a wage-price freeze. The advocates of an all-volunteer Army made a bit of noise, but in the crunch most stuck with the Administration.

Mid-1973, when the draft extension expires, remains the target date for that volunteer force. The man in the Pentagon in charge of the changeover, Lt. Gen. George Forsythe, now says the draft cannot be ended by then. Ah, but we've had a volunteer Army, sort of, since the old draft law expired in midsummer—and, says Senator Gordon Allott (R., Colo.), "figures for 'true volunteers' are up dramatically and gratifyingly. The Services are ungratified: All those "New Army" TV ads have brought in volunteers of very low quality. Only 44 per cent of the July volunteers were high-school graduates, compared with 67 per cent of all 1971 recruits (draftees and volunteers); 29 per cent of July volunteers scored in the lowest intelligence category on Army tests, compared with 25 per cent of all 1971 recruits. The Army says it must have the draft to get those high-school and college boys; the Navy, Marines and Air Force fear a manpower problem if the draft ends because at least half their men sign up to avoid being conscripted into the Army.

None of which is to suggest that a volunteer military is not a good idea. It is, but it's bound to die unless its advocates 1) keep the pressure on Mr. Nixon (he has fallen awfully silent on the subject) and 2) build the case, by showing how a volunteer force can attract something other than the dregs of the society it must defend.

Crazy Journalism

How curious that mighty swords
In leftward-leaning journals
Don't smite the "psychiatric wards"
The way they stick the Colonels.

W. H. VON DREELE

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P.S. GIFTS WELCOMED

The Campus: Phase Three

As students return to their campuses across the nation this week, the academic situation has entered what could be called Phase Three. Phase One, embracing the period of the GI Bill and Sputnik was a kind of honeymoon: As far as the surrounding American society was concerned, the academy could do little wrong and the funds available often seemed limitless. During the 1960s, however, this relationship was transformed by the campus revolution, and the public was treated to a spectacle of physical disorder culminating in the apocalyptic events at Wisconsin and Kent State, as well as of moral and intellectual disorder, the former protestations of "academic freedom" often giving way before ideological indoctrination and the harassment of dissenters from prevailing political orthodoxy.

During the past year a degree of calm has returned to the campus. Nevertheless we have not, as Dr. Alex Sherriffs, Governor Reagan's chief educational adviser, pointed out in an important address recently, returned to the honeymoon period of Phase One. The awareness is general that such order as has returned to academic life is not the product of good management or of courageous fidelity to principle. Nothing, after all, can easily erase the impression made by such figures as Clark Kerr and Kingman Brewster. The campuses are calm because of extrinsic factors: the decline of the draft, the job squeeze, revulsion against the recent narcotics binge and so on. As Dr. Sherriffs observed, when the academy recovers its former esteem, it will have earned it.

Middle East: Frozen

Despite the exchange of rocket fire over the Suez Canal last week, Arab-Israeli relations remain at an impasse. Israel has not indicated, during the four years since the 1967 war, on what terms—if any—the occupied territories will be returned; yet without agreement, at least in principle, to the return of the territories an over-all settlement remains out of the question. Meanwhile, a special UN committee is preparing to charge Israel with violating a 1949 Geneva Convention by preparing for permanent rule of occupied Arab territories.

The Nixon Administration has proposed as an interim solution several variants of a partial Israeli withdrawal in Sinai plus the reopening of the Canal. Israel balks here, and asks the U.S. for more jets, but the jets are being withheld pending some evidence of Israeli willingness to make concessions.

Unable to go-it-alone militarily, now or for the foreseeable future, and lacking Soviet backing for a serious strike across the Canal, Sadat can do little more than accumulate hardware, and he is accumulating plenty of it: The Egyptians reportedly possess three times the Israeli strength in supersonic aircraft, plus large quantities

of the latest missiles, tanks and artillery. This accumulation at least for the present helps to modify hawkish pressures on Sadat.

The Soviets, unable to deliver on the occupied territories for their Arab clients, have begun to renew contacts with the Israelis. Delegations from Israel have visited Moscow, and not merely to view Lenin's tomb; the enigmatic Victor Louis popped up in Israel for "health" reasons. The Soviets may be prepared to use the emigration of Soviet Jews as a bargaining point with the Israelis.

Over-all, the Israelis have small incentive to withdraw from anything. And, with the passage of time, the Soviets consolidate their Mediterranean position, notably at the Mersa Matruh naval base and at Port Sudan on the Red Sea. In strategic terms, the impasse represents a plus for the Soviets, a minus for the U.S.

A Golden Gift

With everybody guessing as to what Phase II of President Nixon's so-called New Economic Program is going to be, we have one small suggestion as to a long-standing and preposterous regulation that might be lifted in our overregulated economy. This would be to rescind the prohibition that prevents Americans from buying, selling or owning gold except for industrial (and numismatic) purposes. As economist Milton Friedman pointed out the other day, the nationalization of gold under the Gold Reserve Act of 1934 never did make much sense. Its purpose was to prevent holders from turning a legitimate profit when the government raised the price of the metal from \$20.67 per ounce to \$35 per ounce in the early days of the New Deal while at the same time, of course, allowing the government itself to profit handsomely. Today the restriction makes no sense at all. The Treasury no longer maintains a gold backing for Federal Reserve notes. Under Mr. Nixon's August edict the U.S. won't even pay out gold to foreign holders of dollars. Gold has been in effect demonetized and its official \$35 price is a fiction. Under these circumstances why shouldn't private citizens be allowed to hold and trade in the metal as is now done on the London gold market and other markets in Europe?

This would restore a legitimate right which never should have been taken away. It would help establish a realistic gold price in the only way it can be established—i.e., in the marketplace. And it might in time lead to making commercial gold contracts and thus begin the rehabilitation of gold as a "medium of exchange and a store of value," which, despite the politicians, it always has been and no doubt always will be. For those who believe gold is just a "barbarous relic" the experiment would do no harm. For those who believe that soon or late nations should return to something approximating the old gold standard, private trading and ownership of gold might be a first if small step forward. Free trading

in gold (and in gold futures as recently proposed by the West Coast Commodity Exchange) won't give us those nice \$5 gold pieces which parents used to tuck in the toes of their children's Christmas stockings. But it would be one small and welcome Yuletide gift that Mr. Nixon and Congress could make to an over-controlled and over-bureaucratized nation.

Exploiting Attica

Long before the last shot was fired the events at Attica had begun to be processed as revolutionary myth. Trace, for example, the movement of attorney William Kunstler, all over the place at Attica, and moving like quicksilver ever since. First of all, Kunstler's relationship to the militant prisoners reeks of ambiguity. At one point, well on in the scenario, he informed the prisoners that representatives of "Third World Nations" were waiting for them across the street. The inescapable inference to be drawn was that the prisoners might hope for some kind of "political" asylum, though Kunstler himself must have known this to be impossible. Still, the connection with the "Third World" is integral to the myth, as is the idea that the prisoners' status was "political," and Kunstler was striking the correct notes. Then David Anderson, former executive director of the Rochester Urban League, a Negro who spent seventeen hours in the prison as a member of the negotiating committee, has charged that the effect of Kunstler's oratory at a crucial moment was to encourage the prisoners' intransigence, and lead them to believe that they could expect total amnesty. Yet Kunstler throughout presented himself as the prisoners' friend and advocate. In reality, they were the raw material with which he was working.

Appearing next at the funeral of Sam Melville in Manhattan, Kunstler again "spoke." "I was probably the last person to see Sam alive," he told the mourners. "I can't remember what I said, but I can remember him saying to tell everyone 'I'm at peace with the world.' I put my arms around him and embraced him. Everyone felt the time had come. I looked back as we were leaving the block and I could still pick out Sam's determined face between those two black men." Once again there is a sense of ambiguity. Yes, this was a funeral oration; but, last year, Sam Melville was convicted of multiple urban bombings and was killed at Attica with four homemade bombs in his possession. A skilled electrician, he had constructed electrified defenses for the militants. Kunstler's oratory smoothly, and affirmatively, assimilated Attica to the revolutionary underground and to last year's bombings, the bomber himself, meanwhile, metamorphosing into a "determined" revolutionist, "at peace with the world."

At his next stop, Kunstler assimilated Attica to May-day and to the Vietnam protest movement generally. Speaking at the Manhattan offices of the People's Coalition for Peace and Justice, Kunstler and Dave Dellinger

called for demonstrations over Attica in Albany and Washington. Kunstler, a lawyer, accused Governor Rockefeller and—by implication—President Nixon of "murder" and demanded that both be "punished." Anti-war demonstrators outside Rockefeller's office completed the equation. As the *Times* reported: "They denounced the Governor's role in the assault on the prison, and also President Nixon's failure to accept the Communists' proposals at the talks in Paris."

Like Kunstler, Tom Wicker, fresh from his eulogies of George Jackson, used Attica as an opportunity to display his own familiar set of equations. Attica was like Chicago in '68, like Kent State, like My Lai, like the handling of campus rebellions. In a vintage metaphor, he even ran the equation backward, speaking of "the lockstep education of the four-year university." Prison equals campus equals prison, all in "lockstep." His gravamen: American society is the Bastille. Wicker's hymns of rage were relentless, his metaphorical exploitation of Attica ecstatic. His book on Attica will no doubt appear, well, tomorrow, and we can hardly wait.



"Actually, we have more areas of agreement than disagreement."



"Then New York City secedes from the Union."

As might be expected, the reality at Attica does not exactly coincide with these mythologizations, and, while we still can do so, it is useful to keep hold of that reality. According to inmate testimony, for example, only some two hundred of the twelve hundred men involved in the events at Cellblock D actually supported the insurrection. "Two hundred men with pipes and things like that," one man said, "can control an awful lot of people when you're unarmed." The two hundred militants are more interesting—and useful—to the mythologizers than that reluctant majority. To the mythologizers, the militants were paragons of gentleness and restraint. But what, then, are we to make of the three prisoners found stabbed to death, apparently in some sort of intramural fracas? (These bodies, all whites, seem to be the basis for the early throat-cutting reports.) The ready depiction of the authorities as monsters of arrogant brutality by Wicker, Kunstler and the rest of the militants' constituency outside is contradicted by the problematical character of each crucial action. Who knows, really, whether Commissioner Oswald should have negotiated or not? Whether Rockefeller should have turned up? Whether the assault should have been sooner or later? Whether greater tactical restraint would have produced more dead or more live hostages? The problematical reality at each point fails to mesh with the revolutionary melodrama so useful to Wicker, Kunstler and the rest.

The myth also has its potency inside the prison walls. Though we do not know what percentage of inmates now regard themselves as revolutionaries, the fact of politicization and the spread of revolutionary rhetoric is evident enough. Sam Melville, for example, was one contributor to a clandestine prison newsletter called "Eye of the Pig" which spread the message that "everyone here is a political prisoner, no matter how heinous the

crime you were convicted of . . ." A stream of radical lawyers, many of them young and operating out of "legal collectives," proselytizes throughout the prison system. The revolutionary rationale, both justifying every crime and providing a sense of imaginative solidarity with the movement outside the walls, necessarily finds inmates receptive. The prisoners provide the movement with a new and malleable constituency. "Extreme radicalism is spreading," said New York City Correction Commissioner George McGrath, "and we have to expect more of it."

Footnote: The Wicker Watch

"After the massacre at Attica, Governor Rockefeller issued a statement that began with this sentence: 'Our hearts go out to the families of the hostages who died at Attica.' Much of what went wrong at Attica—and of what is wrong at most American prisons and 'correction facilities'—can be found in the simple fact that neither in that sentence nor in any other did the Governor or any official extend a word of sympathy to the families of the dead prisoners." Tom Wicker, *N.Y. Times*, Sept. 16.

"It is most interesting to me how many people . . . have written to say that my sympathy was misplaced and should have been for the dead guards, that I should specifically have written about them, or about—for instance—the couple recently murdered in their candy store in Brooklyn. I believe this is symbolic of something that is corroding us; we are not willing to face up to the *true* problems of our life and times but only to the symptoms and surface consequences. . . . But I insist I was not writing about the dead guards . . . or the Brooklyn candy store. I was trying as best I could to get at the *true* problem." Tom Wicker, *N.Y. Times*, Sept. 9.

Who Killed Cock Robin?

The demise of *Look* Magazine following hard on the demise of such old friends as the *SatEvePost* and *Colliers* has been occasion for much hand-wringing and soul-searching among those who still think that the printed word should have some place in a free society. As Gardner Cowles, *Look*'s publisher put it: "My heart said 'keep it going' but my head said 'suspend it.'" But how much are the owners of erstwhile great magazines really using their heads? Their strategy of recent years has been at all and any costs to hold on to their mass markets in order to salvage advertising from the voracious television industry. In the process they have been charging less and less for their products in terms of today's realities.

When *Look* folded it was charging on our calculations about 10 cents per copy to two-year subscribers; *Time* is charging only about 15 cents; and *Life* only about 12 cents. In short they are playing television's game

of just about giving their products away in hope that circulation (any circulation) will persuade Madison Avenue to give them ads. But why not a different strategy? Why not concede that their old dominance of the mass market is gone with the wind? Why not substantially *raise* their subscription and newsstand rates and appeal directly to a much smaller and discriminating clientele—people and even kids who are *not* satisfied with the free products of the boob-tube? This would be a mighty business and editorial wrench. It would mean emphasis on editorial *quality* rather than circulation quantity. But in their day magazines like *Look* and *Life* showed they had the qualitative touch. People might be willing to pay for this kind of quality again—not all people, but *some* people.

In short let the magazines give the American consumer a real *choice* of products, and let them charge for that choice, instead of chasing after the faceless and faithless masses. Suicide, say the publishers. But suicide is what we are getting now, and there is no place for most magazines to go but up. Meanwhile if, as the result of cable TV and other developments, customers in that medium have to begin paying something for what they watch—if the TV market becomes increasingly fragmented—magazine publishers might get some respite from that quarter too. Pay TV is no doubt some years away. What's apparent right now is that if magazines are to make their way in the market they had better begin to charge for what they give.

Government and the Arts (Again)

Now that the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts is officially open, and the acoustics in the opera house have been pronounced superb by Harold Schonberg, there are still a few questions that have to be settled. The eternal question, of course, is whether government should support the arts, and how much. Specifically, in this case, when the Center runs its inevitable deficit (there is no opera house in America that does not run a deficit), should it be made up by private subscription or by tax money? There must be public debate on this before the first season ends, since, as *Human Events* and Congressman Bill Scherle (the "light" man) remind us, the \$43.4 million that the government spent to build the Center (not counting the value of the land) was not a commitment made by Congress before the building was started; it was snuck through Congress bit by bit, after repeated promises that no tax money would be used once the land was donated. One small datum that everyone but *NR* always seems to forget: If the government took a little less of everyone's paycheck, everyone would have a little more with which to subsidize the "Culture" of his choice.

A more whimsical part of the problem is what to do

with the 10 per cent of the seats in the concert hall that have an extremely limited view of the stage. Some have suggested giving them to the poor (who otherwise wouldn't get in), or the blind (who don't really need a view of the stage); or setting up music stands for students who want to read scores instead of watching the orchestra. Others have said that this is a callous remedy, and that it does not discharge the debt to the public incurred when public money was used to build the Center. In which case, what would be a noncallous remedy that does discharge the public debt? To pay for the Center's upkeep entirely by taxes and let everyone in free, first come, first serve? To keep poor people out entirely and only let people who can spare \$10.50 enjoy a partial view? Or to take out those 202 seats so that no one will be traumatized by sitting in them?

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I thought you'd get a kick out of a course syllabus for a seminar I'm taking at the University of Texas. Here it is.
(Name Withheld by Request)

History 389.1 (#22465) & Am.C. 390.2 (#24295)
Monday, 1-4:00

Garrison H. 301—Mr. Crunden [Robert]
"The Conservative Mind Since 1920"

This is a research seminar designed to prepare students for the writing of a dissertation. The assumption is that most applicants will have advanced work in some phase of American intellectual history, and be able to build on it. Training in American literature, art, sociology etc. would also be helpful. No foreign language is required.

The class will meet for a brief organizational meeting on August 30, omit the next meeting (Labor Day), and then meet for six consecutive weeks. It will then cease meeting, and students will write their papers. There will be two final sessions at the end of the semester, at which each student will report for twenty to thirty minutes on what he has discovered.

During the regular classes, the format will normally be as follows: everyone will have a common reading. At the class, one person will give an oral report on this common reading; in addition, two other students will report on outside, related books. Students who disagree or who wish further material or clarification should interrupt decorously but firmly and so indicate. The normal report should be about thirty minutes exclusive of interruptions. One week after giving his report, the student must submit a paper of eight to ten pages based on his report on

the book. This paper may be a simple, well organized and argued book report, or it may zero in on one or more issues that the student wishes to work out for himself, his future dissertation or his orals. The point is less to write up the book than to demonstrate mastery of formal prose style, organizational ability and similar matters.

The chief requirement of the course will be research paper suitable for publication, due at the last class meeting, of about twenty pages. Students should turn in two copies of this paper, one of which will be returned. Any student who has not turned in his paper by the time grades are turned in will receive an F, not an X, unless there are major reasons (hospitalization, the draft) for the delinquency.

First class: Organization

Second class: (Sept. 13)—Survey of recent conservatism.

Everyone read Wm. F. Buckley, *American Conservative Thought in the 20th Century* (orig. *Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?*) (Bobbs-Merrill).

Reports: Clinton Rossiter, *Conservatism in America* (Vintage)

Russell Kirk, *The Conservative Mind* (Avon)

Third class: (Sept. 20)—Relations to liberalism. Everyone read Louis Hartz, *The Liberal Tradition in America* (Harbrace).

Reports: Peter Viereck, *Conservatism Revisited* (Rev. ed., Free Press only)

Daniel Boorstin, *The Genius of American Politics* (Chicago)

Fourth class: (Sept. 27)—Aesthetic Conservatism. Everyone read Alexander Karanikas, *Tillers of a Myth* (Wisconsin).

Reports: Autobiography of Thomas Hart Benton (hardcover)

Autobiography of Ralph Adams Cram (hardcover)

Fifth class: (October 4)—The case of William Faulkner.

Everyone read *Go Down, Moses* (Modern Library).

Reports: *The Sound and the Fury* (Modern Library)
Light in August (Modern Library)

Sixth class: (October 11)—The Columbia Conservatives and the role of the university. Everyone read Jacques Barzun, *The House of Intellect* (Harper).

Reports: *Autobiography of Mark Van Doren* (hardcover)

More Lives Than One by Joseph Wood Krutch (hardcover)

Seventh class: (October 18)—The New Right of the 1950s. Everyone read Wm. F. Buckley, *God and Man at Yale* (Regnery).

Reports: *Witness: Whittaker Chambers* (hardcover)
John Dos Passos, *Midcentury* (Pocket Books)

The number of research projects in this area is almost unlimited. We have no studies of conservatism in art (Benton, Grant Wood, Andrew Wyeth, etc.) or architecture (Cram, Bertram Goodhue, Quincy Forter, etc.), or Negro life (George Schuyler, E. Franklin Frazier, James Weldon Johnson), or economics (the Austrian school of Mises and Hayek, or the monetarists of Milton Friedman), or the intellectual origins of the modern radical Right, or the anti-Communist origins, or the liberal origins, etc. Even the terms have not really been defined clearly. We also could use studies in the impact of certain events: the loss of China, McCarthyism, Vietnam, the Negro Revolution, drugs, etc., on those who disapprove or dissent. We have virtually no work even on the most obvious political topics: the ideas of Herbert Hoover, Robert A. Taft, Barry Goldwater, or their roles in passing or blocking specific bills. Those interested in local sources and history could do worse than to work on, say, the governorship of John Connally or Allen Shivers, or the role of the oil industry in the Texas legislature (try not to get killed).

The last two class meetings will be on December 6 and 13, and the papers will be due on December 13.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

It is only after much soul searching that I have decided to relinquish my conservatism and join forces with liberals. After so many years, I want to get rid of those Communists under my bed and replace them with J. Edgar Hoover.

And to prove I am just as broad-minded as any liberal, I am not cancelling my subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW.

Mrs. T. G. Meulenberg

Dear Mrs. Meulenberg: Don't feel bad. It's called "invincible ignorance," and you can get away with it under the circumstances. Don't forget: invincible ignorance. . . .

—WFB

Shadows and Substance

"Something is terribly wrong in America."

—Edmund Muskie

Do you ever get the feeling

As you contemplate the news

That you want to hit the ceiling

Over weasel-worded views?

Taxi drivers and beauticians

Always give it to you straight,

But a party politician's

Simply got to obfuscate.

Even I can only hint it

Without damaging detail;

If they ever dared to print it,

I would versify from jail.

W. H. VON DREELE

JAMES BURNHAM

The Protracted Conflict

Athens

BY CHANCE, it was while our plane was coasting over the straits of Salamis, preparing for its turn into the final approach to Ellenikon airport, that I finished studying the figures presented by the International Institute for Strategic Studies in its newest survey, *The Military Balance 1971-72*. It was in that small channel, in 480 B.C., that the fate of Western civilization was decided; where it was decided, in fact, whether Western civilization was to come into historical existence. If the Persian fleet had sailed on unchallenged and undefeated, it would have been able to outflank the main body of Greek troops, then concentrated at the Isthmus of Corinth, when and where it chose. The Greek position would have been strategically untenable. Greece would have fallen to the empire of the East.

No single factor explains why the Greek fleet won a victory at Salamis sufficient to reverse the strategic outlook. But there can be no doubt about one factor that was indispensable. A few years before, the Athenians had discovered an exceptionally rich, easily worked vein of silver at Maroneia in the Laurion mining region. It was proposed by most of the public leaders that the bullion should be divided among the citizens, many of whom were of the poorer sort. But for Themistocles, who, Thucydides tells us, "could excellently divine the good and evil which lay hid in the unseen future," there was a different order of priorities. He realized that the Persian threat had not ended with the invasion of Darius that was aborted at Marathon. He managed to persuade the Assembly to spend the treasure on a hundred new triremes, stronger, heavier and more maneuverable than any other warships on the water. It was these Athenian ships, manning the Greek left against the Phoenician contingent on the Persian right, that fought the decisive action. Running close past the enemy vessels, the stronger Athenian triremes shaved off the enemy oars; then turned and rammed them amidships, so that the heavily armed hoplites and bowmen, serving as marines, could board. The collapse of the enemy right spread con-

WHO WATCHES THE WATCHMAN?

fusion in the enemy center and then throughout the formation.

The Point of No Return

I know very well that the appetite of general staffs for military hardware is insatiable, and that arms manufacturers join them in propagandizing the legislature and the rest of us for more and more zillions in military appropriations. I know that they make constant and skilful use of scare and bogeyman techniques. I am therefore presumptively suspicious of all talk about arms that has its source in the official or civilian military establishment. But having made all possible allowances, I cannot escape the conclusion that, as against the Soviet Union, we have been falling rapidly in the strategic balance from a position of clear-cut superiority a few years ago to what is roughly equality today and heading, on current trends, to marked and perhaps catastrophic inferiority within a few years.

The annual survey by the International Institute for Strategic Studies is the most authoritative public document on the military facts of global life (and a good deal more accurate than many secret documents). The figures in the 1971-72 edition unambiguously support that general conclusion. And on every front: U.S. military manpower fell last year, Russia's rose; NATO's tactical aircraft fell, the Warsaw Pact's rose; the Soviet Union at year's end had 280 of the giant Scarp (SS-9) missiles deployed, and 150 more intercontinental SS-11s than a year earlier. The Soviet Union now has about 50 per cent more land-based ICBMs than the U.S., with many times more megatonnage of firepower. Soviet Y-class submarines (comparable to Polaris) are increasing by seven or eight a year, and could exceed the U.S. total by 1974. The Soviet

Fractional Orbit Ballistic Missile has been successfully tested and could be deployed in short order.

So What?

What is most surprising about these figures is the fact that there is nothing surprising about them. Although the precise numbers differ a little, all summaries by every source agree on the general accounting, the ratios, and the trends. These facts, moreover, are not obscure. Over the past year they have been widely published; nearly all reasonably well-informed citizens must be aware of them. That being the case, the continuing public apathy is extraordinary. For as surely as the proclamations of Xerxes' levies and the assembly of the materials to construct the bridge across the Hellespont foretold the invasion of Greece and the destruction, if it were not effectively resisted, of Western civilization, so does this looming Soviet arms superiority, if not resisted, foretell the Communist attempt to destroy us and end that same civilization.

But what is most extraordinary of all is the continuing silence of Richard Nixon on these matters, concerning which he is probably the best informed man in the world. If these estimates that now converge are wrong, why does he not tell us so, and what the truth is? If they are correct, why does he not summon us to the necessary counteraction, as Themistocles, defying the welfarist demagogues of his day, summoned his Athenians? Surely Richard Nixon is not going to turn the nation's security into just one more election issue! □

Lysistrata Rides Again

They've burned their bras—they now are free

Full sexual equality!

But why do they get sore and flounce
When fellows watch their sweaters
bounce?

Some champions of Women's Lib
Are so articulate and glib
Denouncing rings and matrimony—
But strangely mute on alimony.

JOHN D. KIRWAN

*Future earning power is related to level of education.
So the problem is to raise the level of education
for the underprivileged, the blacks, the poor. Can it be done?
Mr. Solmon explains many of the difficulties*

Stop Trying To Make Equal Education

LEWIS C. SOLMON

MUCH HAS BEEN written in recent years on the ways of reaching what is generally conceded to be the national goal in education, "equality of opportunity." However, the writers and researchers have spent more time laying out various routes to the goal than in defining the goal itself. But the goal, equality of opportunity, is ambiguous and deserves to be analyzed.

It is generally accepted that the more formal schooling a person has, the greater his productivity and income are likely to be. And it is a fact that certain nonwhite minorities in the United States have on the average lower incomes than whites. Now the difference in the average incomes of the two groups can be explained, at least partially, by differences in education. But in all probability some of the income difference can be explained also by the discrimination of employers or consumers which leads to lower rewards for members of certain minority groups for equal productivity. Experience has shown that it is easier to take steps which eliminate some of the inequality in productivity between groups than it is to legislate effectively against discrimination, and consequently efforts have been directed toward the former goal. Thus, the relationship between education and income was of prime concern because once members of certain minority groups are able to get as much out of schooling as members of wealthier groups, the difference in incomes of the groups will narrow or—if discrimination is left out of account—even vanish.

Just a fortnight ago, the California State Supreme Court, in an effort to erase the difference between money spent on schooling in richer and poorer areas within a state handed down a de-



cision that could conceivably, if upheld by the Supreme Court, call for an entirely new manner of financing elementary and high schools in this country. That is tangential to the point I wish to make here, but it is all part of the movement of the past couple of decades for equality of opportunity in schooling. The Civil Rights Act of 1964 contained a section requiring the Commissioner of Education to carry out a survey of the "lack of availability of equal educational opportunities" by reason of race, religion or national origin. And while it was assumed that the meaning of "equality of educational opportunity" was clear, I contend it was not.

First, the goal of equal opportunity in schooling might be understood to mean that all students should have access to schools with equal physical and instructional facilities.

Second, the goal might be understood as meaning that each student *should learn* as much in school as possible, given his particular intelligence. Such an understanding would require certain policies in addition to those which are designed to assure access to equal instruction and plants. Among them might be requiring different attendance patterns (days per year and number of years) for children of different abilities, so that every child could be taught equal material, and perhaps paying (bribing) families of poor children to encourage and support their children's school activities, or even paying them to keep their children in school. Or children might have to be taken from the family environment if it were retarding school progress. Moreover, the racial composition of classes might have to be altered so that everyone could be surrounded by a peer group of the same racial mix.

Third, the goal of equal opportunity in schooling could be understood as meaning that the school system should assure graduates equal *opportunity to obtain high income* in adult life. Both education and natural ability have an effect on earning power: The more you have of one, the less you need of the other for a given income. This might lead to spending more on schooling (perhaps vocational training) for those of lower ability than for those of higher ability.

Certainly the first interpretation of equal educational opportunity has been given a lot of attention, and a start has been made in equalizing the intellectual and physical quality of schools. It has been asserted that the better a school's quality, the more beneficial is its effect on scholastic achievement and on the subsequent earnings of graduates.

School quality can be partially determined by the education level, the attitude and the degree of specialization of the teachers; by classroom size and by facilities like libraries and laboratories. Therefore, community support which improves teacher and plant quality can measurably influence students' achievement scores and also their later incomes. Such findings as these have been followed by an outpouring of government funds to develop equal—better—schools across the country. The hypothesis is that moving toward equal schools means moving toward equal opportunity.

Environment v. IQ

The survey resulting from the mandate in the 1964 Civil Rights Act (known as the "Coleman Report") introduced new criteria for determining scholastic achievement and for determining the meaning of equal opportunity. Coleman studied the influence of objective characteristics of schools (teachers, books, buildings) and the influence of environmental factors (the motivation for achievement instilled in children and the quantity and quality of verbal interaction with adults). Coleman says that what matters to a young adult is not whether his school was "equal" but whether he is equipped upon graduation to compete on an equal basis with others, whatever his social origins may be. Coleman found that differences in family background account for more variation in achievement than do differences in schools. Per-pupil expenditure, books in the library and a host of other facilities and curricular activities are unrelated to achievement if the "social" environment of the school—the educational backgrounds of teachers and other students—is held constant. Coleman concludes that the sources of inequality of educational opportunity appear to lie primarily in the home itself and in the cultural influences immediately surrounding the home; and secondarily in a school's failure to overcome the home. He does not regard "physical" differences in schools as important.

Coleman expounded some of the implications of his report in the Summer 1966 issue of the *Public Interest*. First,

replace the family environment with an educational environment for disadvantaged groups by starting school at an earlier age and conducting classes for more hours. Second, reduce the social and racial homogeneity of the schools, a proposal which implies eliminating neighborhood schools. Third, make the educational programs more effective—whatever that may mean!

These policies are based on the assumption that equalizing environmental forces will equalize educational opportunity, but there is another factor that they ignore: Although higher teacher salaries, smaller classes, earlier entry into school, longer hours, more heterogeneous school environment and more effective programs will tend to increase educational opportunity for those who continue to attend school, such programs will not affect the many poor who lack the opportunity to stay in school.

To insure equality of educational opportunity for low-income students, we must take cognizance of the different effects that family income, including any income of the children, has on decisions made by families of various socio-economic classes. Family income is important because its level affects the ability of the family to complement in-school experiences. Furthermore, the earnings foregone by a child because he stays in school will have a greater impact on a poor family than on a wealthy family. The child from the poor family may be forced to drop out of school if his family can't afford the loss of income.

The sacrifice of any percentage of family income becomes more painful the lower the total income falls. For example, a reduction of \$300 in the income of a family earning \$3,000 would probably hurt a child's ability to benefit from schooling more than a \$600 or even \$700 reduction in the income of a family earning \$6 thousand. This is analogous to the argument for the progressive income tax.

The fraction of family income contributed by an average fourteen-to-nineteen-year-old wage-earner can be calculated by race and region (i.e., average income of the fourteen-to-nineteen year olds divided by median family income). The results (based on

1960 census data) show that a non-white or Southern family sending a child to school must forego a larger portion of family income than other families. For the United States as a whole the portion of a family's income which was contributed by a fourteen to nineteen year old was 12.36 per cent; for the Northeast, North Central and Western regions the average was 11.75 per cent. However, the fraction of family income foregone if the average non-white teen-ager in the United States attended school was 20.51 per cent, and if that nonwhite lived in the South the portion was 26.56 per cent of family income. These regional and racial differences decline somewhat if we deduct from the earnings foregone the earnings of students working while attending school, plus the fact that poorer families usually have more children who can work. However, if students work before or after school, they reduce the burden of a lower family income but they also reduce the time available to be spent on their studies or on rest. If a student comes from a large family, the income lost on account of his attending school may not hurt as much as if he were an only child, but he may, on the other hand, suffer because his parents' encouragement and help, if any, must be divided among all their children.

Welfare Student Bonus

The poorer the family is, the sooner will come the time when the child's necessity to work becomes permanent and he misses forever the opportunity for education. In addition, the effect of a student's not working, or taking time out from studying to work, results in lower quality education for children from poor families even if they do attend the same school as children from wealthy families. The loss of 10 per cent of income for a family earning \$3,000 has several implications; certain goods and services formerly bought will have to be produced at home, which takes someone's time, often the child's. The family will be able to buy less, which may mean sacrificing books, lamps, clothing and nourishing foods, all complementary to schooling.

In order to get the poor to send their high-school age children to school, the relative cost in terms of decrease in family income must be reduced. Direct payments to these families based on their sending their children to school

Lewis C. Solmon is an assistant professor of economics at the City University of New York and an associate of the National Bureau of Economic Research. He is presently working on a book for Appleton-Century-Crofts.

(rather than welfare payments based on the number of children) may be the answer. (Some claim that poor families can lessen the income loss by borrowing. But, loans are expensive and often not available to the poor. And some people have a natural reluctance to borrow.) This proposed change in welfare payments—to tie them to the successful progress of recipients' children in school—would give poor parents a more direct financial incentive to encourage their children's academic success. Encouragement at home is possible even if help with new math is not.

All of the proposals discussed so far are meant to assure that each potential student has access to equal quality schools, and that he will take maximum advantage of them, unhindered by social or economic barriers. Pre-school and compensatory programs have been instituted to make up for a variety of environmental deficiencies which handicap students from socially deprived ethnic groups. However, it is generally felt that none of the programs appears to have significantly raised the achievement of participating pupils, particularly over the long run. The failure of these programs sheds doubt on the "average children concept," defined by Arthur Jensen as "the belief that all children (except a few with neurological defects) are very much alike in their mental development and capabilities; and that their apparent differences in these characteristics as manifested in school are due to rather superficial differences in children's upbringing at home, their pre-school and out-of-school experiences, motivations and interests and the educational influences of their family background."

Jensen has concluded that intelligence (cognitive skills) is to a considerable extent inherited and not subject to improvement. Since scholastic ability is considerably less inheritable

than intelligence, compensatory schooling programs, rather than attempting to influence IQ *per se*, should aim at influencing motivation, values, and other habits that play an important part in scholastic performance. Since the different racial groups are unequally represented at various levels of the educational, occupational and socioeconomic hierarchies we should try to find to what extent the unequal representation can be attributed to irrelevant factors like skin color and to what extent the inequality is due to basic differences in ability.

There are a great number of tests

that the discrepancy in their average performance cannot be completely or directly attributed to discrimination or inequalities in education. Genetic factors may play a part." Even James Coleman's *Report* provided evidence that environmental variables are all correlated as expected with scholastic performance within groups. But they are not systematically correlated with differences between groups. Jensen does point out that the IQ of low IQ children from deprived families can be raised by environmental improvement programs up to their level of genetic potential. However, genetic factors do appear to

limit the productivity of these programs.

The Jensen study leads to the conclusion that, even if educational and environmental variables are "equalized" for students, academic and economic achievement would not be equal. The question then arises whether, having equalized educational and environmental variables, we have achieved equality of educational opportunity. Or would equality of opportunity not be reached until all graduates are capable of earning the same income? By analogy: should we provide two men equal time at two equal machines or must we allow the slower-working man more hours so his weekly output can be the same? The first choice is Darwinian; the sec-

ond compensates for inadequacies.

A third choice in the analogy would be to give the faster worker more time on the machine, since total output would be greater. Edward Denison has pointed out that higher education resembles our third alternative in that colleges heap most benefits (admission, financial aid, contact with professors) on the gifted students who are, at the outset, best endowed. He says that the present educational system deprives the poor of an opportunity equal to that of the gifted students of obtaining a high income in later life. Since Negroes gen-



which provide the basic data on this point. On the average, Negroes measure about one standard deviation below the average of the white population in IQ and also in scholastic aptitude. Some minimize these results and claim that IQ tests are culturally biased against blacks. However, the fact remains that IQ scores are good predictors of subsequent achievement. Of course these data refer to group averages and say nothing about any one member of the group. Jensen points out that "there is increasing realization among students of the psychology of the disadvantaged

erally have been deemed less qualified for college according to traditional standards, they have been hurt most by the allocation of funds which were supposed to increase the future earnings of youths.

Denison's data reveal that among white high-school graduates, an A student receives an average \$5,811 of public funds for higher education (low estimate, 1965) whereas a C student gets only \$1,066. He says equality of opportunity might be interpreted to require at least as large an expenditure of public funds for dull students as for bright ones. Denison discounts arguments that the current system is desirable because under it high-school students have an incentive to study, or because college adds more to the earnings of bright than dull students, or because bright college graduates will do more to advance knowledge than dull ones. He advocates reducing expenditures of public funds for gifted children, automatic admission to college for any high-school graduate, and compensation for those who do not use public funds for education. He is against compulsory attendance above the age of eighteen. Finally, and most importantly he wants vocational programs for students not interested in, or capable of, academic training.

Lift, Lower or Level?

Since the total number of students matriculating in colleges is limited by the supply of colleges, and the funds to support them are also limited, a selection process must be established to choose the applicants. Traditionally, the most qualified according to grades, IQ and family background were selected, and many Negroes, consequently, were precluded from attending college. Now the pressure to admit Negroes for different reasons has begun to shift allocation of funds. However, the hurry to place Negroes in institutions of higher learning has run into difficulties. Greater expenditures on the dull or less able student will be required to get him to the same level of earning ability as the bright student.

I have discussed three plausible definitions of equal educational opportunity. The first was equal access to equal schools which might require the building of more schools in the ghetto than elsewhere. The second was that students be able to learn as much as their ability

allows, which might require better-trained teachers and more equipment and compensatory programs. And the third definition was equal earning potential regardless of IQ or scholastic ability, a goal which requires attempting to provide skills by vocational training as a substitute for developing IQ and academic accomplishment.

But we could—and some may—carry the definition of equality of educational opportunity one step further, and demand not only that earning potential

be made as equal as possible but also that the education enable any American to choose the same route to his fortune as any other American. This final extension is fanciful and unrealistic. We might decide to pay everyone the same income, regardless of productivity. We cannot, however, eliminate the fact that if all men are not created equal intellectually, and indeed motivationally, no amount of legislative action or expenditure can make all men perform identically. □

RICHARD O'CONNELL

Eight Epigrams

Lecture

Varro, you are a voluminous man.
Sit down.

Or I'll make you an epigram.

To a Retiring Rural Poet

Rest on your laurels, Rusticus,
But see they don't infect your arse.

Scholarly Epitaph

I, Comatas, cleaned up the books of Homer,
Supplied a glossary, and one key comma.

Marcus the Physician

Marcus has never lost a patient.
He knows precisely where each is buried.

To the Axe-Grinders

If you decide to sharpen someone's axe
Make sure it's not your neck that whets it next.

Literary Wake

The curious flies light on his fresh-laid corpse
And buzz.

They taste tidbits and excrete books.

To Gallus Who Hates Everything

Gallus hates this, Gallus hates that.
Tell us what you like, Gallus. I'll hate that.

Pollution Problem

"No one can step into the same stream twice."
But you, Zoilus, can't step into the same stream
once.

Vietnam on the Irish Sea

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

MANY of this world's gravest problems would be ludicrous if they weren't tragic: nowhere is this more true than in Ireland. I have several times taken part in televised discussions with assorted Irishmen when I could do nothing but watch, appalled, as they scratched at one another like Kilkenny cats. There seemed to be no solution except to drop the lot of them into the Irish Sea.

Most people in England experience similar feelings of bafflement as they watch, night after night on television, the terrible events in Ulster—the shooting, the bombing, the mob violence, happening only a few hundred miles from London, in a province of the United Kingdom, for what seems to them no sane reason at all.

This is, of course, only the latest episode in a very old story. Scotland Yard's Special Branch, which is mainly concerned nowadays with spy-catching, was created originally, in the 1880s, as the Special Irish Branch to counter the Fenian bomb outrages. Then, as now, the terrorists sought financial backing from the Irish community in New York. Three years ago, with everything fairly quiet and with eminently reasonable prime ministers in both Belfast and Dublin, it looked as though the perennial "Irish Question" was at last on the way to being settled . . . Then the volcano exploded again.

IT CANNOT BE stressed too often that this is not a religious conflict—at least, not in the sense of being about religion, as some medieval wars were about religion. The conflicting parties may describe themselves as Protestants and Catholics, but these are just labels, tribal markings.

Nor is it a struggle for civil rights. When these latest troubles broke out three years ago, the Catholic community in Northern Ireland—the Catholic tribe—had certain specific complaints, about the voting system, about housing and about jobs. Liberals in Britain, reacting automatically to the words "civil rights," urged the Catholics to agitate, march and demonstrate.

The government in Belfast moved swiftly to deal with these grievances. The voting system was changed, new houses were built, and by now there might well have been jobs for everybody, at least in Londonderry where the trouble started, if outside investment

had not been understandably deterred by the spectacle of so much violence and insecurity.

While the familiar bandwagon of protest gathered impetus, sinister men climbed aboard and helped it along. Hotheads like Bernadette Devlin moved away from their original, limited demands and began calling for the total overthrow of the government; indeed, not only of the Northern Irish Government, but of what she calls "the other half," the government in Dublin, as well. The "Provisional" wing of the IRA is controlled by Maoists and Trotskyists, whose declared object is to create a united socialist Ireland, a European Cuba.

The Catholics in Northern Ireland have been offered new schemes for participation in government and a cabinet minister of their own. But nobody is listening to such ideas any more. Members of the parliamentary opposition are refusing to fulfill even their normal political functions. A campaign of civil disobedience has been launched.

Least of all does the situation resemble, even remotely, the picture drawn by the Soviet press and television—of an imperialist war, in which brutal British soldiers are oppressing the local population. British troops are in Northern Ireland to prevent a bloody civil war between the two tribes. When they arrived they were welcomed with smiles and cups of tea, particularly by the Catholics, who saw them as protectors against the Protestant majority. But, as always happens when such situations drag on and with revolutionaries and nationalist zealots to stir the hell-brew, the army has come to be a target for both sides. Catholic women now chant, "If you kill a British soldier, clap your hands," and encourage their children to throw rocks and petrol bombs at the troops. Despite which the British army has, in the circumstances, behaved with quite extraordinary restraint and discipline.

Internment was forced on the Northern Irish Government, not by the army,

but by angry Protestants, who were threatening to take the law into their own hands unless something tougher was done. But the indignation expressed by Mr. Lynch, the Prime Minister of Southern Ireland, was pure hypocrisy—or, rather, it was forced on him by his own extremists. Only a few months ago, he was himself considering whether to intern the IRA leaders in the South, who are, after all, his enemies too. The IRA is illegal in Eire, but Mr. Lynch is not politically secure enough to move against it. So far, he has not even dared to patrol the border effectively, though his new purchase of armored cars suggests that he may be going to try. Meanwhile, the border is wide open. Men and weapons cross freely by scores of "unapproved" roads and over the fields.

PATTERNS familiar from Vietnam and Algeria can already be discerned. Army commanders make foolishly optimistic statements, and at home the liberals cry for "a political solution" (which, in plain English, means surrender to the terrorists). And the TV audience grows weary of what seems to them a pointless fight. The *New Statesman*, that celebrated organ of the intellectual Left, is calling for a complete withdrawal of British troops—as careless, seemingly, as similar editorialists are over Vietnam, of the massacre which would certainly follow.

Other opinion-formers of the moderate Left, journalists and politicians, want to see a new political system in Northern Ireland; one which would, in effect, negate majoritarian democracy by giving the minority a large say in government. In the slightly longer term, they look forward to a united Ireland, even though that would only mean that,

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Anthony Lejeune is NATIONAL REVIEW's correspondent in London, a well-known freelance reporter and critic. In his spare time he writes detective novels.

Scenes from Houston

JARED C. LOBDELL

AND HOW, I asked Paul Biver (the middle one and most articulate of three brothers serving as delegates from Belleville, Illinois), are you going to vote in the Presidential preference ballot? I don't know, he answered, they haven't told us yet. And, he went on to say, you know, the problem is, these people think that if everyone were conservative, all the problems in the world would be solved—like the liberals and radicals when I was in high school thought that if everyone agreed with them all the problems would be solved. It's kind of a confining view.

Why did you come down, I asked later. Well, my whole family came, my brothers and sisters and my parents are here. My father wanted us to be exposed to this side of things, and of course, when you're a kid like me, you really enjoy meeting new people: I'm keeping a diary down here—actually, I've been keeping it for six months—and that's what it's about, not the surface stuff like this (he looked around at the Nominating Convention) but what's really happening.

■ Joe Leo has to be one of the funniest men in the conservative movement. I devoutly hope he is elected to the New Jersey State Assembly this fall: if he is, the Assembly will never be the same. He was discoursing, at the Saturday evening poolside Texas barbecue (featuring Seafood Newburg), on the Adventures of Clifford Case, of whom it has been said he is the closest thing to a six-foot invisible rabbit in the United States Senate—how, as the assembled multitudes are waiting for the Senator to appear, the sirens are heard and the almost-VIPs crowd to be photographed with the Great Man as he arrives, lo! there appear on every side men who look like professional wrestlers, two by two before and beside and behind the Senator, take their places in the corners and silently chew their gum. "Secret Service?" Leo asks one of them. "Naw, UAW," like Leo says, these were words "that opened the gates of Paradise."

■ Steve Cagle is one of the three Oklahoma delegates assigned as a guard of honor for Wm. F. Buckley Jr., and Steve has something on his mind. He wants *NR* to go out and fight for new subscribers, to achieve at least the half-million circulation that Whittaker Chambers long ago advised was the dividing line between a journal preaching to the faithful and a truly national journal. And indeed, one is struck by the fact that for every ten who wear Bill Buckley's conservative colors at this convention, only five or six seem to have heard of *NR*. But then, this is Texas, and Steve is from Oklahoma, and the delegate over there being interviewed by Nicholas von Hoffman of the *Washington Post* is from Arkansas (his name, I recall, is Rust), and one supposes Texas and Oklahoma and Arkansas are not the area of maximum NATIONAL REVIEW penetration. And yet, I wonder to myself, why not?

■ An enthusiastic Connecticut delegate wishes to place Nick von Hoffman's name in nomination for the Presidency, surely a curious fate for an old Saul Alinsky man at a YAF Convention. Von Hoffman is the *Post's* radical-lib columnist whose reports, when he's in stride, make the letters section of that not conservative paper boil and bubble. But Mr. von Hoffman has been charming and fair-minded here in Houston and besides, Connecticut is having a bad time of it. Jim Altham, their State Chairman, who had much to do with the success of YAF 10, is running as an outsider for the YAF National Board. His chances of making it, while better than Nick von Hoffman's chances for the Presidential nomination, are not much better.

Despite the gloom of an unsuccessful Board candidacy, it is good to see many of the Connecticut delegates from YAF 10 here in Houston, and good also to see the immediate former chairman of the Party of the Right at Yale, Tom Slater, as a kind of symbol that there are indigenous strains still strong within

the YAF congeries of young conservatism. One wonders about the reaction of whatever newsman it was who wandered into the room where Slater late Saturday night was leading a group of delegates in the second stanza of the Party of the Right's self-mocking anthem ("Let's go back to Aristotle/Nothing's happened in AD"). And what if that same newsman stumbled on one of Tim Wheeler's notepads (Our People's Underworld, PO Box 310, Shelbyville, Ind.—Adv.) bearing the legend, "The Ad Hoc Committee To Send the Twentieth Century Back to the Factory"?

■ One recalls other scenes—Jon Cellor of Missouri, the youngest delegate I think, wondering (during the nomination of National Board members) why the Convention didn't get down to something real, Mr. W. D. Woodward of Duke in his libertarian bib overalls until his startling metamorphosis into sartorial splendor Saturday night, the suggestion (perhaps it was Joe Leo's) that Don Devine of Maryland and Dick Wright of Wisconsin should unite to form a Devine-Wright ticket, Dave Noble of Texas declaring at 2 A.M., and after a big party the night before, his intention to go out trail riding at 6 A.M., Tom Lamont of New Jersey (who spoke for the draft two years ago) placing Richard Nixon's name before the nominating convention—surely a thankless task.

Of course one remembers the business of the Convention, Bill Buckley's quiet and philosophical keynote address, an unexpected highlight in Dolf Droge's presentation on Vietnam, Jim Buckley standing against Governor Wallace, Senate Whip Robert Byrd's old-fashioned and heartfelt oratory, Stan Evans and Kevin Phillips arguing the future of conservative politics, Dick Derham presiding with utmost despatch and efficiency over the debates on the resolutions.

But I suspect more will remember how Mr. Buckley spoke, or even how he looked, than what he said—the delegates feeling themselves, in the words of A. P. Herbert's tribute to Churchill, "mere mortals privileged to behold a god in good humor." I believe the memories carried back will be of personal meetings (as I remember a long con-

(Continues on page 1131)

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Day was when any American soldier could whip his weight in wildcats.

No more. The Army's morale is busted.

Not by Charlie. Busted by the people back home

who've been bad-mouthing it for years. Time for a change

My Lai and the State of the Army

DONALD ATWELL ZOLL

MUCH EMOTION and a torrent of language have been provoked by the My Lai trials, a controversy that strikes deep at the moral nerve-ends of the nation. The moral issues presented by the massacre at My Lai have been almost exhaustively debated and the culpability of Lieutenant Calley and others examined from a variety of points of view. Less attention has been paid to the effects of this lamentable episode upon the American military establishment and the attitudes held by the American people regarding the effectiveness of its Armed Forces in fulfilling the grim necessities of national policy. The series of events triggered by the disclosure of the killings at My Lai are but one factor in a serious debilitation of the American Army and its ability to perform its increasingly unpleasant international assignments. It is a disquieting irony that the collapse of the proud traditions of the French army began with its galling frustrations in Indochina. The behavior of the French army in Algeria and its regrettable intervention in French politics must certainly be viewed against the background of injuries to its self-esteem and professional élan that resulted from its Indochinese misadventures. The shadow of Dienbienphu hung over the corruption of the French military service.

The soul-searching provoked by the Calley case is not a unique experience for a country to undergo. The United States finding itself an imperial power (and I use the phrase descriptively and not pejoratively) faces many of the cruel predicaments that have beset other nations so situated. Indeed, the national agony over the Indochina war is strikingly similar to the internal division and bitterness aroused in Britain



as a result of the Boer War. Britain, as a matter of fact, provides numerous instructive comparisons concerning the problems, military and moral, that occur when a great power is involved with far-flung political and military commitments around the globe. Consider specific illustrations that in some respects parallel the current searching of the national conscience regarding l'affaire Calley. One such incident involved the killing of the king of Delhi and his immediate family by Major Hodgson after the successful siege of Delhi during the Indian Mutiny. Hodgson, one of the most able of the British commanders, created a cause célèbre by personally dispatching the royal family that spearheaded the Indian revolt. Hodgson was not tried for this act, although he was later cashiered

from the service for a totally unrelated matter. Or, alternatively, think back to the political hornets' nest stirred up by the death of "Chinese" Gordon in the Sudan and the entire matter of the "punitive expedition" to retake Khartoum.

There are now manifest signs of alarm regarding the condition of the American fighting forces. Beyond the shock of My Lai and perhaps other incidents yet to be vouchsafed, one can observe frightening portents: Overt mutiny has been reported, drug use in the services is widespread, race rioting is not uncommon, military personnel are participating in "peace movement" activities, including, of recent date, a "peace march" in Korea, and, perhaps most serious of all, a distinct and angry loss of "esprit de corps" among the elite of the Army, the Green Berets. The parallels between the contemporary state of the United States Army and the post-Indochina French army are unnerving.

Atrophy of Morale

But these are only superficial indications of a deeper crisis that affects American military confidence, the Services' understanding of their national role and a public conception of their functions and goals. The consequences may be grave: alternatively, either a severe reduction of the military effectiveness necessary to preserve national security, externally and internally, or the incursion into the political sphere of a military establishment that has lost its professional orientations and strives to cope with its reaction of betrayal by imposing, almost vengefully, its will in direct and forceful ways.

This crisis for the American military

establishment comes at a time when it must be conceded that America faces a continuing need for military efficiency on a long-term basis. Even with some variety of a resolution of the weary stalemate in Indochina (and a termination that cannot conceivably be anything other than a melancholy chapter in the history of American arms) it is entirely predictable that American military forces will be in action in various places in the world for the foreseeable future. One can devoutly hope that there will be no other Vietnams, but there can be little doubt that the United States will be called upon to use troops, in one way or another, for decades to come. These involvements will not be pleasant, they will not savor of high idealism; they will be, in a manner of speaking, dirty little neocolonial wars. These sorts of military missions have always taxed the morale of a military establishment to its utmost, yet America faces the need to prepare for these at the very time when its military arm is least able to conduct them with skill and effectiveness. With the American Army undergoing the trauma of rejection and self-doubt, its professional base weakened, it is singularly ill-fitted for the very operations it will likely be called upon to undertake. The French, so inept in Indochina, had, in fact, vast experience in terms of doctrine for conducting the very sort of campaigns which confronted them, the tradition of Gallieni and Lyautey, but they forgot these lessons and substituted a military outlook reflecting the tired resignation of that unhappy nation itself. That, I submit, is a risk that the United States dare not take. Armies can survive defeats, as the history of warfare attests, but armies find it extremely difficult to reconcile themselves to defeats imposed upon them not by the enemy, but by the machinations of their own statesmen. The vulnerabilities of the French army in Indochina were, in part, the result of grand strategic indecision, reflective of the erratic state of French politics. We confront a similar fate, both in the sense that the post-World War II practice of grand strategy by the United States was generally defective, and in the sense that American military success was, to say the very least, sternly inhibited by political res-

ervations. Denied victory in Korea—for good or ill—the U.S. Army, indifferently commanded in Indochina, simply must be reconciled to humiliation, a bitter dose even for an army less wrought with internecine anxieties than ours.

In order to carry the burdens of international military commitment, two factors are required: for the Army, an extremely high level of professionalism; for the public, a compensating rationale for the sacrifices and inconveniences such a commitment entails. That we can now summon up neither is the fault, in its sphere, of the military itself and insofar as the public is concerned the blame lies with inferior political leadership.

Civilian Ascendancy

The military contributed to its own deprofessionalization—the tragic results of which can be seen in the incidents at My Lai and elsewhere. It decided, in short, to “civilianize” the Army; it transferred the atmosphere and procedures of the bureaucracy, public and private, into the military services. The career of arms became equivalent to a managerial career in business, save for the retention of the uniform. It was stressed that the soldier’s calling was a “job” rather than a profession. The Army’s enticements were predicated on higher pay, educational benefits and foreign travel (as culturally broadening, it was hinted), while at the same time it was dismantling the color, traditions and perquisites of military life. It announced that the desirability of military service was neither patriotic nor uniquely exciting, but only a “better deal” than one might receive in some civilian employment. One need only watch current Army recruiting commercials to see how far this trend has gone—along with the so-called “democratization” of the Army, its recognition of individual preferences, to include, it seems, psychedelic embellishments on the barracks walls.

The public at large was provided with no satisfactory compensatory rationale for continuous military involvement, the continued maintenance of compulsory military service. Even though a sizable portion of the public

acknowledged the need for military preparedness in general and specific commitments of force in particular, it was convinced that it was only an ugly business, to be equated with garbage removal or prison maintenance. Warfare is ugly; about that there can be no doubt and Vietnam as the first televised war brought that fact home with a vengeance. But that is small comfort to those who have to fight wars or to those called upon to sacrifice for their prosecution. The soldier requires some *raison d’être* for his occupation other than the fortitude of a worker in an abattoir. American youth came to look upon military service as a penitentiary sentence, the worst of all possible fates, and this was not only because of the fact that soldiers are frequently killed in war. Considering the size of contemporary military forces, a soldier has very good odds indeed that he will never even be shot at by the enemy, let alone become a casualty. The revulsion against military service by youth is not, then, primarily a fear of the loss of life, but a detestation of the military *per se*. War being an ugly business, they reason, those who participate in it either are equally ugly or become so. Consider the diverse reactions to Lieutenant Calley: He is a monster or he was made a monster by participating in this monstrous business. To them, the thought that one could participate in a war as a professional and still abide by professional canons of self-discipline was too fantastic to consider.

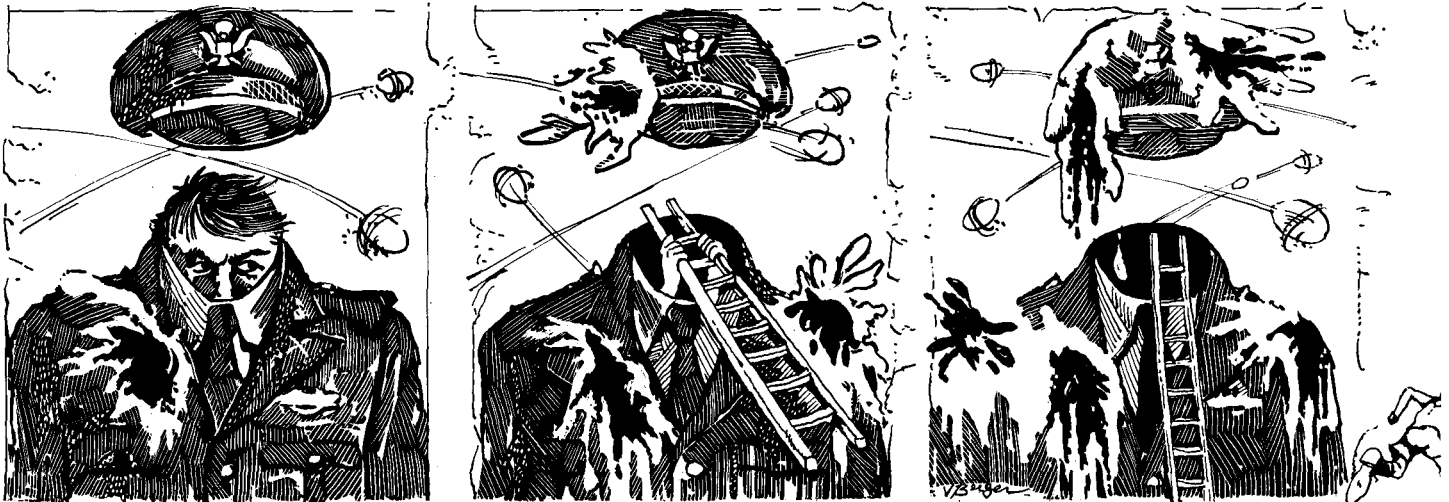
Neither our political leaders nor the military itself sought to alter this image held by the public. The publicity campaigns expressly initiated by the military itself to improve its “image” simply confirmed the worst suspicions of youth, due principally to a lack of candor in these public relations techniques. The military could have preserved, I think, its own internal morale even in the face of this general opprobrium, except for the fact that it had lost touch itself with a serviceable self-image. This was due not only to its own policies, but also to the fact that, more and more, the officer corps contained nonprofessionals who became doubters themselves. Professional inadequacy became wedded to a wavering confidence and élan. Indeed, officer procurement policies, especially in the Army, came home to roost. Officers were increasingly recruited from backgrounds remote from the orientations desirable in

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promoting military professionalism. And it might be added, parenthetically, that history sharply reveals that threats to civilian authority from the military establishment most often occur when that establishment is manned not by professionals, but by officers without strong professional allegiances. The massacre at My Lai and other tragedies of this type are not the result of a superabundance of much-suspected military professionalism, but the absence of it. The much publicized threat to civilian institutions in this country from military adventurers arises, if it is a threat at all, from the collapsing base of professional fidelity. Contemporary popular literature—from *Dr. Strange-*

from superiors and their nominal civilian directors. In the last century, the defenders of Lucknow *knew* they would be relieved; an abused British outpost *knew* that, in time, a cruiser would appear in the harbor; the lowest rating in the Royal Navy *knew* that the full weight of the Fleet would be employed, if needs be, to effect his release from the hands of the enemy. No American fighting man has that assurance today—especially the prisoners of war in North Vietnam who may be aware that sizable numbers of their fellow citizens favor an immediate withdrawal from Indochina, leaving them to their fates. Like the self-exiled soldier of the Foreign Legion, the Amer-

professional rectitude, certainly not a lack of control, that prompted Belisarius to hand the Empire back to Justinian. It is not now, I think, a question of whether the Army is ideologically divided and, hence, incapable of maintaining order if called upon. There is a very real question, on the other hand, if it will be able to perform that mission with sufficient resolution or, conversely, without excessive zeal. The Army simply does not know what its place is in the national fabric. Its confusion as to its fighting role on the battlefield, after Korea and Indochina, is matched by its feelings of being alienated from the national corpus, of being viewed as rejected or impressed mercenaries. Having



love to *Seven Days in May*—abounds with the stereotype of the American general officer as stupid, pathological, despotic, socially dangerous. I have no doubt that facsimiles may actually exist, but such a composite piece of fiction is hardly descriptive of the military professional. It may be, however, prophetic, if the military becomes internally corrupted and its honor expunged by a public attitude that insists that soldiers are “trained killers” outside the pale of decent society.

Purpose, Trust, Autonomy

The low state of morale in the American Services is revealed, in consequence, in a nervous shifting of responsibility, a murky understanding of the protocols of duty, a lack of definition regarding the principles of professional conduct. The ramifications of the *USS Pueblo* incident show these disturbing currents, not the least of which is a faltering sense of support by men engaged with the enemy as to the backing coming

from superiors and their nominal civilian directors. In the last century, the defenders of Lucknow *knew* they would be relieved; an abused British outpost *knew* that, in time, a cruiser would appear in the harbor; the lowest rating in the Royal Navy *knew* that the full weight of the Fleet would be employed, if needs be, to effect his release from the hands of the enemy. No American fighting man has that assurance today—especially the prisoners of war in North Vietnam who may be aware that sizable numbers of their fellow citizens favor an immediate withdrawal from Indochina, leaving them to their fates. Like the self-exiled soldier of the Foreign Legion, the Amer-

ican knows he is expendable, but without that fierce internal loyalty that marked the Legion in its better days. Indeed, the Legion’s informal motto, “Merdez-vous,” has become the unconscious watchword of the American Services. This atrophy of morale is serious enough in terms of the maintenance of American security in regard to overseas commitments. It may be even more formidable a problem in the likelihood that the Army may be required for the preservation of internal order. Even more distasteful to an army than fighting on the remote frontiers of the empire is its employment as an instrument of domestic control. Since Belisarius put down the Nike Sedition, armies have loathed the role of domestic police. It requires the highest forms of professional restraint, not only in terms of patience under the provocations of malcontents and agitators, but a refusal to be lured into the temptation of restoring order by displacing civilian authority and seizing power. It was only pro-

convinced itself that it was just a business, the Army is now informed that the business it is in is Murder, Incorporated.

From embattled ROTC instructors on university campuses, often treated as pariahs even by their faculty colleagues, to generals and admirals who are looked upon as villainous Tamerlanes, the American military forces, losing touch with the traditions of their once honored profession, might well develop a new form of guild fanaticism or withdraw into a decrepit isolation. Both would be disastrous to the national well-being, a condition only to be avoided by a revived understanding on the part of the public as to the nature and purposes of military establishments and an immediate governmental overhaul of the U.S. military services, designed to restore to those services their professional base, their clear-cut conception of purpose, their internal sense of trust, their autonomy from the depredations of cynical politicians and their precarious honor. □

(An, All Things Considered, Not, Realistically Speaking, Immodest Proposal)

DENNIS FAGAN

THE CASUAL OBSERVER of a mug-
ging in one of the City's many
understaffed, underfinanced parks or
recreation areas must be moved to ex-
trapolate his observation, and ponder,
with a grim sense of waste, the huge
amount of money which, daily, as a
result of such crimes, goes elsewhere
than into the City treasury—money that
could surely be put to better use in
renovation of the inner city, financing
of rehabilitation programs, advance-
ment in environmental and social re-
search, talks on nuclear disarmament,
and building bridges.

It will come as a surprise to no one,
certainly, that more than \$150 million
is stolen annually in the City. This is
enough money to operate five hundred
child-care centers for a year, or provide
nearly a million free abortions. Enough
money to install a component stereo
system in every slum apartment, or run
the Long Island Railroad for almost a
week. Could we raise even half such
an amount, we should be well on our
way to solving the City's financial prob-
lems. And should someone discover a
method for doing this while, at the
same time, eliminating \$150 million's
worth of illegal activity, he should be
congratulated by the entire City, and
his discovery acted upon at once.

Herewith, then, a realistic suggestion,
offering, perhaps, the only salvation
possible to our beleaguered City.

It seems to many of us, more and
more, day by day, that the legalization
of crime is the only realistic alternative
to our present system. The legalization
of crime, on balance, would be an at-
tractive prospect to our City's many
criminals, who now do their stealing
illegally. Most crimes, of course, go
unsolved, but the possibility of arrest,
however unlikely, always looms large
in the criminal mind. So large, I think,
that most criminals would willingly part
with up to 50 per cent of their profits

in order to steal undaunted by the pos-
sibility of apprehension. Under the pro-
posed system, a criminal need only
enter into a contract with the City,
consigning to it half of his profits for
a particular crime, under penalty of
permanent suspension from the system
should he fail to honor the agreement.
In return, he will receive a work order
forbidding interference by police or
private citizens, including the victim,
under penalty of law. An irresistible
bargain, I should think.

Consider, too, that under this system,
the present figure of \$150 million per
annum is a mere drop in the bucket,
for with restrictions lowered, the inci-
dence of crime could be made to in-
crease ten- or twenty-fold. In round fig-
ures, this could mean well over a billion
dollars yearly to the City—enough to
provide a methadone maintenance cen-
ter on every corner in Manhattan.

I urge, therefore, the creation of an
independent agency (a "No-Sweat
Crime" Corporation, or, acronymously,
"N-SC") to coordinate criminal activi-
ties in the City, to license all nonviolent
felonies, to collect receipts, to transform
stolen merchandise into currency by
means of auctions and car lots, and to
direct the cash flow into the City treas-
ury. The costs of administration and
labor I calculate to be no more than
20 per cent of gross revenues. This
means that if, in its initial year, N-SC
sponsors \$1 billion's worth of crime,
\$400 million will accrue to the City.
During this first year, the agency need
deal only in crimes of robbery, burglary,
auto theft, larceny, fraud, extortion,
blackmail, and such. Later, when con-
fidence in the system is established, it
might agglomerate, profitably, into vice,
drugs, kidnaping and espionage.

The advantages seem obvious.

For one thing, it would eliminate
the danger of violence inherent in re-
sisting or apprehending criminals, while

also eliminating the expenses of incar-
ceration and prosecution.

For another, the policemen, lawyers
and judges who face unemployment as
a result of this system could be easily
reimbursed their salaries out of a frac-
tion of the City's income from the
agency's operation.

Furthermore, the new system would
eradicate the social stigma attached to
crime and would make our society, if
even an iota, that much healthier and
less repressed.

In fact, the only objection I can think
of to this proposal is, as some say, that
crime is wrong. But this is a complex
question, and this is a complex world,
awakened from its unrealistic slumbers
by men, repudiated in their own time,
such as Einstein and Kierkegaard. Some
say stealing is wrong. Some say prop-
erty is theft. Is N-SC immoral? I don't
know. All I know is that the same
arguments were trotted out against al-
cohol in 1919 and against marijuana in
the 1950s; against Columbus in 1492
and the Wright brothers in 1903. All
I know is that Galileo was imprisoned
for professing belief in heliocentricity,
and "witches" burned in Salem, Massa-
chusetts. All I know is that I want to
help our City to provide money for
the education of our children and for
their nourishing meals, and to help
those who are starving in our streets
every day while trying to find unde-
meaning work. And all I hope is that
the forces of narrowness, prejudice and
superstition will not kill off one of this
City's last hopes for survival. Crime has
always existed. I say, why not use it to
the benefit of our City's starving, un-
educated poor? Is this wrong?

Some of my more radically minded
aides have suggested legalizing murder
because, if it is all right for us to kill
innocent people in foreign lands, it
should be permitted here, too. I disagree
with their proposal and with their pes-
simism. (Am I wrong to do so?) I have
reviewed their suggestions and found
them unacceptable, being convinced
that they could not increase revenues
substantially. But more importantly, I
have faith in this country of ours and
in its young people, and remain, as I
always have been, and always will be,
unalterably opposed to murder. □

*Dennis Fagan, a graduate of Regis High
School in Manhattan, is now a junior
at Fordham University.*

I AM in full agreement with Alan Reynolds (*NR*, Sept. 24) as to the futility of, and enormous dangers in, any system of direct controls over prices and wages, which has now unfortunately become the official policy of the Nixon Administration. I also applaud his emphasis that it is the vast expansion of government activities of all kinds, and great variations in government expenditures and taxing, which account for many of our economic difficulties and which are the ultimate threat to our society. To add price and wage controls to the battery of government powers already in place is to pile Pelion on Ossa. What's more, such controls do nothing to get at the real causes of persistent inflation combined with substantial unemployment.

Where I differ with Mr. Reynolds is his exclusive emphasis on monetary policy and fiscal policy in its broadest sense as the sole cause of our troubles and hence the sole cure for overcoming them. It is my conviction that our economy needs *both* sound money and open markets for products, labor and capital if it is to perform satisfactorily. It is also my conviction that union monopoly power is an enormous distorting factor in the labor market, and that such power must be curbed if we are to achieve what most Americans want—namely tolerable price stability and jobs for all who are able and willing to work.

In developing this view it may be readily granted that the initial cause of an inflationary movement, such as we have been experiencing since 1965, is monetary in character. The critical problem, however, is how such inflation can be contained once started, and here the "unemployment effect," and inflationary effect, of unionism must be emphasized. If wages and costs are flexible and competitively determined, then restraint of over-all monetary demand through credit and fiscal measures will slow down inflation with few untoward consequences for production and employment.

But if, as is the case today, wages and costs have a built-in upward bias, the situation is wholly different. The monetary and fiscal authorities may apply the brakes. But if as they do so costs continue to press forward, either producers will try to raise prices with resultant declines in sales, or they will immediately suffer declining profits. In both cases the result will be cutbacks in pro-

duction and employment. What defeated the original Nixon "game-plan" was not want of trying, but rather that costs simply refused to stabilize under monetary pressure. The result was increased unemployment, eventual abandonment of credit restraint, and now the fatal lurch to controls.

It remains to be shown that unions are the cause of such cost rigidity and cost advance. Here I am unimpressed by two popular arguments. The first is that since unions control something less than 25 per cent of the labor force they cannot be the villains of the piece. I would point out that farmers are a small and diminishing proportion of the population. Does anyone believe that the farm bloc, and the whole elaborate system of farm supports, have nothing to do with the inflexibility of farm prices, the upward slant of the cost of living, and the loss of foreign markets? It is when a minority pressure group is losing ground numerically that its sting may be most lethal.

The second argument made to show that unions are unimportant is that in some years of the Sixties wages in the nonunionized sector of the economy rose faster than in the union sector. This is not surprising given the nature of long-term union contracts. Moreover, anyone acquainted with Bureau of Labor Statistics in this field knows that their figures must be used with caution for technical reasons. The critical fact, however, is that even on BLS figures new union settlements in 1970 did outpace nonunion settlements by a substantial margin. In 1971 union wages continued to lead the cost parade upward in basic industries with severe unemployment consequences and just when the economy could least stand the strain.

The truth is that while union wages sometimes lag they are on a permanent upward *ratchet* of a quite different nature than is found in nonorganized firms. The case here is based on practi-

cal commonsense observation. In the early period of an inflation employers of nonorganized workers (say, the owner of a gas filling station) may concede wage requests. But let over-all demand slacken, and times turn wintry, and the employer will be in a position to refuse such demands. His workers will grouse but will return to work.

THE SITUATION in a highly organized industry such as steel, aluminum and the building trades is far different. Here workers have little chance to choose between possible wage gains and probable unemployment. The union presents its demands at gunpoint. The employer must concede or suffer a prolonged strike. The process of so-called collective bargaining grinds to its inevitable conclusions—higher pay for some, declining employment for others. The union may gain prestige. The working class as a whole, the consumer and the public suffer.

The forthright way to deal with unionism is, of course, to reform our tragically permissive labor laws. Unions should be purged of their coercive powers and violence. They should be brought under the sweep of law as it applies to most individuals and most private associations. In the end we should apply to them the spirit, if not the letter, of our antimonopoly laws.

This is the missing ingredient in the President's approach to the problems of the economy. It is also missing from Mr. Reynold's otherwise formidable and correct analysis. Meanwhile, while differing on this point, let us join hands in opposing direct price and wage controls which are irrelevant to our situation and a threat to our free institutions. □

John A. Davenport, former editor of Barron's and member of the board of Fortune, is the author of The U.S. Economy.

THE OPEN QUESTION

The Case against Controls— An Addendum

JOHN A. DAVENPORT

Anger Anyone?

ANTHONY R. DOLAN

IT IS ESTIMATED that 80 per cent of the heroin eliminating lives in New York City and the rest of the country runs a smuggler's route from poppy fields in Turkey to clandestine refineries in Marseilles and is then shipped on to the United States. The heroin traffickers have their reasons for taking the Turkey-Marseilles route: Turkey grows an especially high grade of opium and Marseilles, a huge seaport, is ideal for smuggling. Often it is merely a question of dropping a package of raw opium overboard to a waiting small boat.

The main point of debarkation for the heroin in the United States is New York harbor. Which is one reason why, with its 150,000 addicts, New York accounts for over half of the national problem, and why it is estimated that an incredible 50 to 60 per cent of the city's crime is the work of junkies in search of a fix.

Public concern has grown proportionately. To the surprise of some politicians, the polls last fall showed the biggest single issue with voters was not crime, or campus unrest, or pollution, but drug abuse.

It has by now become part of the conventional wisdom about the problem, and we have the Hudson Institute to thank for pointing out this elementary but essential point, that the first priority in the war on narcotics is to prevent addiction. The rehabilitation clinics make good copy; but the task of curing an addict is painfully long, the cure rate discouraging. Odyssey House, among the better facilities, claims only a 30 per cent cure rate.

Furthermore, it is a fact that addicts are zealous about spreading the habit, particularly the younger ones. So the rehabilitation efforts are important; but protecting the non-addict from contamination remains the first order of business. That is why educational programs have taken on a new significance. The New York Police Department has organized a speakers bureau that is especially effective; radio and

television stations are running anti-drug spots; the public schools have made drug warnings a mandatory part of health classes; and there are private groups in Harlem putting out the word on the block level.

All of which is to the good as long as it does not preclude the most obvious and effective way of preventing the spread of addiction, which, quite simply, is to cut off the supply of heroin coming into this country at its source. Dry it up and you will see the junkies worry more about finding the stuff for themselves than about making converts.

This makes it especially sad that so little has been done in the past to disrupt the Turkey-Marseilles route. There were exactly eleven narcotics agents for all of Southern France until this past year. Some of them were buried in paper work; the field men shared two cars between them. And the penalty for heroin smuggling in France was only two to five years—hardly a strong deterrent.

IN TURKEY the farmers grew the poppy legally (the government sells it for medicinal purposes), and then traded it on the black market. Turkish Customs was not known for its aggressiveness or for its integrity; which may be more understandable since training and pay for Customs agents were poor, and, on the rare occasions they were used, their antiquated revolvers had a habit of blowing up in their faces.

There have been significant steps taken recently. France has increased eightfold the number of her narcotics agents, and some of the new agents were recruited from among her best detectives. And the penalty for dope smuggling is now life imprisonment. Offices have been established in New York and Paris for the exchange of information and police tips.

Turkey though is distressing. The United States has poured millions in aid into the country in order to upgrade Customs and assist the farmers in con-

verting from opium to other crops. And while there has been some improvement in the Customs situation (the revolvers no longer blow up), the news came as a shock some months ago that Turkey had reduced the number of provinces producing opium but that the actual acreage under cultivation had increased. The continued toleration by the Turkish government of this sort of activity has appeared particularly unconscionable since relatively few farmers are involved in the trade, and legal sales of opium account for less than one-half of 1 per cent of the nation's revenue.

Last October, at the request of the United States, an extraordinary session of the UN Commission on Narcotics Control was held in Geneva to discuss a U.S. proposal to establish a special fund and to widen the Commission's activities. There was some quibbling, but the measure was adopted, and since then the Commission has done what it could.

But the Commission is not earth-shatteringly efficient; in fact some countries crucial to the fight on drugs are not even represented on it. Nor has the State Department been particularly effective. It too has been sadly reluctant to put the pressure on foreign governments. A highly placed official in the Administration's war on narcotics put it this way recently: "State just doesn't want to make waves. If we applied some pressure we might seriously disrupt the supply of heroin for several years."

It is the approach that is at the root of the problem. What is lacking is a sense of anger. And some aggressive diplomacy. Countries that tolerate traffic in illegal drugs (there are others besides Turkey and France) must be coaxed or pushed into doing something effective about it. Senator James Buckley has proposed the cessation of foreign aid to those countries that refuse to cooperate. Boycotts of imports from recalcitrant countries should also be weighed and threatened.

It is too bad the diplomats can't at least be taken down to Odyssey House on the lower East Side and see the sixteen year olds whose struggle back to normalcy is just beginning. □

Anthony R. Dolan is a Yale graduate, a (the?) conservative folksinger and composer and a freelance writer.

C. H. SIMONDS

For Now COMMUNES ON THE MOON?

JUST as two material bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time (should they try it, the universe would blow up), two cultures cannot coexist in the same territory. The more vigorous always absorbs the weaker—regardless of which is the more “sophisticated”—and emerges changed, more (as the Goths, by the Romans they conquered) or less (as the European-Americans, by the Americans).

Given which, it's remarkable to find in the same country at the same time, even on the same television screen, two such apparently different human types as the astronauts and the Abbie J. Hoffrubins—the former clean-cut, controlled, self-assured, leading symbols of Western technological civilization; the latter shaggy, infantile, the most visible representatives of the “counterculture.” Both types are, I suspect, pretty dull people—the Hoffrubins are, after all, politicians; and after you've discussed the moon, what do you discuss with an astronaut? Crabgrass? But as *symbols* to be contrasted, they're fascinating. Contemplating them leads to murky ponderings about the rise and fall of civilizations that leave one wondering, with Albert Jay Nock, how one is to know when one is entering a Dark Age.

The contradiction appears massive. On the one hand, Spengler's Faustian man reaching outward into space; on the other—what? The Barbarian, slouching toward you-know-where? The drugged, navel-contemplating Westerner-gone-Oriental? The howling revolutionary? It depends on which element in the counterculture you consider. Hoffrubin, in one of its books, hollers “*we are all one!*,” trying to enlist everybody who smokes grass, likes rock, wears his hair long, into the revolutionary army. But it isn't necessarily so.

The counterculture turns out, on closer inspection, to be not so far removed from the world of the astronauts. The revolutionary movement is as technologically sophisticated, as adept at manipulating the environment, as NASA—just see Hoffrubin, *passim*, on the uses of television. Only the aims differ.

Then there is a growing apolitical, even antipolitical, movement within the counterculture. Some folks are flaking

off into pseudo-Oriental mysticism (as noted), others—millions, if we are to believe *Time*—into something even sillier, a dippy, denatured “Jesus-is-real-groovy” Christianity. Many are staying dead stoned, doing not a thing. Quite a few are rediscovering such corny virtues as hard work and self-reliance by opting for a simple life lived close to Whittaker Chambers' “undenying, undeluding earth.”

Typically, this involves getting away to the country and doing as much as possible for oneself—growing organic food, making sandals, writing home for money with a goose quill instead of a ball-point. It sounds, to this outsider, dumb-romantic but rather fun; on the evidence that's trickling in, it can prove educational. When the nasty-left Liberation News Service was split by an ideological dispute a few years ago, one group took off for Massachusetts to live communally on a farm—and discovered, in such necessities as getting the crops in and keeping the cow milked, the rhythms of nature. The farm is doing well, and they don't talk politics much any longer.

THE MOVEMENT toward alternative lifestyles is best sampled by paging through the *Whole Earth Catalog*, an “access to tools” based, with frank admiration, on the productions of such capitalists as Sears Roebuck, L. L. Bean, and George Leonard Herter of Waseca, Minnesota. *WEC* lists everything—Moog synthesizers, desktop computers, the works of McLuhan, Buckminster Fuller and other lightning-rod salesmen—needed for any conceivable alternative. (Political revolution à la Hoffrubin has no place: As the editor puts it somewhere, “all power to the persons.”) Most of the space goes to tools for back-to-the-land efforts.

So, is *this* the real contradiction: people going back to the windmill, the

hand loom, maybe even the Neanderthal digging-stick, while their contemporaries and fellow-citizens tread the moon and eye the planets? Not really. The *WEC* people, and evidently a great many of their reader-followers, are absolutely hipped on space exploration. They even have a flag, bearing a photograph of the earth taken on one of the Apollo missions. Editor Stewart Brand, invited to testify in behalf of a proposed Environmental Quality Education Act, declined politely, pointing out that if the government tries to “educate” us about the environment, we will wind up bored to death with it. Instead, Brand suggested that if government money is to be spent on the environment, it should go first to “the space program which has given us the anti-environmental perspective to see our planet whole and alive and in hazard.”

AND WHO WILL explore space, if everybody is rediscovering nature down on the commune? A mad scenario: we turn away from space for awhile, readjust our priorities to Solve Our Problems Here at Home, which therefore get worse and worse, helped along by the Hoffrubins and other communists. Along comes that Dark Age, with most of the population gone, or camping out in the ruins of great cities. There are a few islands of light and safety like the monasteries of medieval Europe, where the old wisdom is kept alive, and along with it the old dreams. A few men get back to space; when the time comes to plant settlements, the colonists are ready and waiting in the commune just down the road.

Silly, of course; William Miller did it better in *A Canticle for Liebowitz*. But the function of scenarios is not accurate prediction of the future so much as accurate description of the present from which they spring. Certainly those men in the moon are not so far removed from their seeming opposites back on earth. And that counterculture, as it frees itself from political perverters, comes to seem not so counter after all—much less counter to efforts of the imagination (like the exploration of space) than measly adjusters of priorities. □

RUSSELL KIRK

From the Academy

OUR INTELLECTUAL PROLETARIAT

NEARLY a quarter of a century ago, Professor Seymour Harris predicted that there would develop in this country an "intellectual proletariat," bitterly discontented and potentially revolutionary, very like the crowds of unemployed or unemployable "intellectuals," schooled beyond their worldly prospects, that have afflicted India and many Latin American states for a long while. Dr. Harris is vindicated by the event.

As he pointed out, after the Second World War the population of university and college campuses began to swell enormously, and those in authority, far from resisting this development, generally did everything in their power to accelerate it. University presidents went up and down the land urging parents and high-school pupils to aspire to college studies, because a college graduate's earning power would be far greater than that of the poor boob who didn't enroll at Behemoth U.

That was done in the green tree. In this dry season of 1971, the plight of many of last year's graduates, and the perplexity of many college seniors, give the lie to this premise. In some states, only half the new graduates with teaching certificates can find employment in schools; engineering graduates are said to have still greater difficulty, generally; most fields of employment for BAs and MAs are overcrowded, except for such old and exacting professions as medicine and law. We have been preparing too many young people for "opportunities" that do not exist in such great numbers.

Doubtless nearly all college graduates eventually will find some sort of employment, somewhere;—in part because they reject "bourgeois" aspirations, in part because they must. But a great many young people fresh from the campus will not find the sort of employment or the scale of emolument they had been virtually promised. They were resentful in college; out of college, they may be resentful life-long. Where might a charismatic ideologue lead such a disaffected class?

Oh to be a new bachelor or a master or even a doctor in literature, now that the enrollment-boom is over, now that college budgets are reduced! Some de-

partments of English at rather obscure colleges report that they receive a hundred or two hundred applications for a single instructorship that is vacant—many of those applications from young PhDs who have just graduated from highly reputed universities. As a matter of fact, many of those fresh PhDs ought not to be employed as instructors: They may be dull dogs, whose dissertations are incompetent and who have little promise as college teachers—or as researchers. This is quite as true of other disciplines. Sociology is worse (though the immense welfare apparatus offers some promise of steady employment); history is quite as bad.

WHY HAVE our degree-mills been tolerating PhD candidates of small merit, and granting them their doctorates eventually, though some of them can neither think clearly nor write decently? Because these unfortunates have constituted a cheap labor pool. Teaching assistants had to be found to instruct—after a fashion—the horde of bored undergraduates who had been cajoled or thrust (as by the draft and by job-certification pressures) into college. There weren't enough genuine professors to go around, let alone enough money. The pseudo-scholars of the degraded PhD mill supplied that labor, for a pittance; from their overworked and ill-paid ranks came many of the leaders of campus rebellion during the past half-dozen years. And now, having put in their weary years of servitude to the graduate school at Behemoth U, and having been awarded their sham doctorates, these young men and women find themselves unemployable in their chosen occupations. When one expected tenure and a fat salary and no challenges in life, it is distasteful to find oneself a proletarian instead. One may detest the Establishment more than one

did before; one may make trouble.

At many of the lesser—though sometimes bigger—universities, there exist departments of graduate study that never should have been authorized; nay, there exist whole graduate schools which never should have been created. These whited sepulchres of "scholarship" now find that they can't place their graduates anywhere.

AN ABLE young dean at a state university tells me that we must find alternatives to the mob-life of the mass campus—and very soon. Violent protest about Vietnam and Cambodia was only a kind of pretext for expressing larger resentments among students; when every American soldier is withdrawn from Indochina, some new fanatic cause will serve to focus the vague but burning discontents of the depersonalized and anti-intellectual campus.

"We don't have any radical students on our campus," this administrator tells me. "We have only characterless students, calling themselves radicals; they don't know enough about anything to go to the roots of it; they don't even know what 'character' means. They might acquire some character by pumping gas or stacking groceries, but on the campus they remain petulant adolescents, badly reared and badly schooled. We can't go on much longer herding these children into dormitories where they are frozen for four years in an eighteen-year-old mentality, led by the silliest and worst among them."

My friend, the dean, believes that we must take steps promptly to "de-campus" a great part of the present or potential student bodies. If they really desire to learn, well and good: Most of them could learn better if they stayed off campus. Part-time "in-service training," combined with part-time academic study; use of educational television and closed-circuit TV; small study-groups and classes held downtown; correspondence courses—these and other devices could suffice to prepare young people adequately for an "external" degree, without four years at Behemoth University.

And many parents, long deluded, begin to perceive the truth of this. □

FRANK S. MEYER

Principles and Heresies

THE VOTER OR THE POLITICIAN?

I HAVE recently received two letters relevant to my column criticizing the Nixon economic program ("Down the Primrose Path," September 9). Both letters, although the writers are unacquainted, raise the same question, a question well worth discussion: Whether the conditions of a democracy are such that no program which is difficult and painful, even if necessary, can be maintained. Can a political leader who is dependent on the votes of the people for re-election be expected to maintain such a program as Nixon's original economic program, which was generally correct, if it does not work fast enough to satisfy the electorate? Or, for that matter, can a President be expected to rearm the country and take the steps necessary for survival when such a course requires sacrifice and cuts against the demand for increasing domestic material comfort?

What is implied is, first, that our political structure has become an outright pure democracy, rather than the representative republic of the Constitution as written, and, second, that the source of the liberal refusal to face reality stems from the people as a whole, not from a far-from-democratic elite of ideologists.

The fact of the matter is that, despite the attrition of the Constitution in recent decades, the political structure of the United States is still complex and a long way from pure plebiscitarian democracy. Not only is the political structure complex, with a great deal of division of power still manifest, but the social structure of the country leaves a great deal of influence in the hands of multifarious extrapolitical forces, from the media, the trade unions, the universities, to such corporate bodies as the ABA and the AMA, and the multitude of smaller organizations from the township level up.

The complexities and the contradictions which furrow the field of the American political and economic structure create a multitude of groups, of separate and interwoven constituencies, that together make up the American political scene. The American electorate is not the single mass of the theorists of pure democracy. In spite of the power of the Presidency and the tendency of the quadrennial election to exhibit the

characteristics of a plebiscite, effective power still rests in the interplay of groups, small and large, and derives from the adjustments and compromises of group interests and desires. As every new President of the United States learns quickly, his power, great as it is, is radically limited by these distributed powers, as reflected in the Congress, the bureaucracy, and public political pressures.

Not only, however, is the body politic thus organized a different thing indeed from the undifferentiated mass of pure democratic theory. It is so structured throughout that the concept of the equal influence and weight of each separate individual is totally inapplicable. In every group and association of groups, from the most particular to the most general, the leadership of a few is a decisive influence on the attitudes and actions of the many. That influence may proceed from many causes—persuasive ability, constituted office, wealth or prestige—but it is everywhere at work. It is, in the broad sense of the word, an aristocratic principle mingling with a democratic principle. The natural inequalities of men guarantee its operation. The alternative today to a structured society, in which ability at all levels functions through the leadership natural to the level, is a totalitarian society, where structured institutions are crushed and diverse leadership exterminated, to give total power to the most ruthless and the most brutal.

BUT that is not our situation. We remain a structured society of immense diversity, in which the basic needs and desires of the people are articulated into concrete policies by the broad leadership of the country. It follows there-

fore that if the policies proposed and adopted clash with reality, the responsibility is not that of the people as a whole, but of the leadership they have received. If the natural desire for steady prices is translated into programs that, with massive deficits, guarantee inflation and is topped off with a brave show of controls that can in the long run control nothing, it is not the people who are at fault, but their leadership. If rapid over-expansion, feverishly stimulated by government policy and government spending, creates recession and unemployment, a program of more of the same, which can only lead to greater recession and greater unemployment, is the responsibility of the leadership that formulates the program, not of the voters who want a healthy economy and are sold a false bill of goods for its attainment.

THE FUNDAMENTAL REASON for the general plight of the country today is the leadership it has had over the past decades. That leadership has been predominantly liberal. The programs which have been placed before the people as solutions for the problems facing them have been liberal programs. Little of an alternative nature has been politically available; yet, when it has, it has found appeal to the electorate. Certainly, despite imprecision of detail, there was no question that the 1968 Nixon-Agnew campaign was clearly distinguishable as an alternative to the prevailing liberal outlook. Nor, whatever might be said of Wallace's strident demagoguery, could there be any mistake about his opposition to much of the liberal program. The combined Nixon and Wallace vote was a decisive majority of the democratic electorate.

Nixon's new course cannot be excused, as my correspondents excuse it, as the necessary course of any political man under the conditions of contemporary American democracy. The voters elected him to do something else than he is now doing. His surrender to liberal concepts in domestic and foreign affairs is his responsibility, not theirs. It can only be interpreted as a failure of nerve, not before the electorate, but before the incessant pressure of the liberal Establishment. □

BOOKS

Man in Motion

D. KEITH MANO

Cruising Speed

By William F. Buckley Jr.

Putnam, 257 pp., \$6.95

Fifty pages into *Cruising Speed* I had begun to imagine William F. Buckley Jr., even at rest, as one of those futurist motion statues, bronze streamers that indicate momentum pennanting out from his heels and elbows. *Cruising Speed* is the diary of a single, an "ordinary" Buckley week. It is the sort of week that I have only experienced once in my life—on a tour during which my parents and I saw Switzerland, Spain and France in seven days and (it seemed) four glorious nights. The pace is infecting: it very nearly made me, a hunt and peck reader, into an Evelyn Wood graduate. Yet the pace is informed throughout by joy, by curiosity, by sharp insight, by a titanic kind of diligence. *Cruising Speed* is far and away the most consistently entertaining Buckley book. I wished it had been the record of a year, and a leap year at that.

The effect is stroboscopic: out of blurring motion a discernible image forms—Buckley the man. This is by no means a confession, the details are personal but never intimate; nonetheless, sufficient information is at hand to compose and tint a profile. Buckley is a shaper willing to be shaped: a compound of concern, affection, cheerfulness, wit (in all its thousand meanings), a Renaissance scope of interests, the whole graced with Renaissance *sprezzatura*. This, I suspect, is the most detailed account we will get until the (I hope) inevitable *Autobiography*, which will presumably appear with an annual two hundred-page volume to update it. *Cruising Speed* is precious for these shards of personality. It is also precious because it suggests a crescent trust in the reader, whether that reader's position is right or left of center.

Here are just a few items that will not be seen on *Firing Line*. Bill Buckley at his weekly Judo lesson (showing a suspiciously liberal aversion to physical exercise . . . never play catch with a liberal, it's all bent thumbs and panting). Bill Buckley outwitting Rowley the dog. Bill Buckley having his contact lens plunged out by a Marine security guard. Bill Buckley playing Bach for Rosalyn Tureck. The young Bill Buckley drinking 27 to 1 martinis at Yale. Bill Buckley showing his paintings to Marc Chagall. Bill Buckley at the Fillmore East. Bill Buckley outwit-

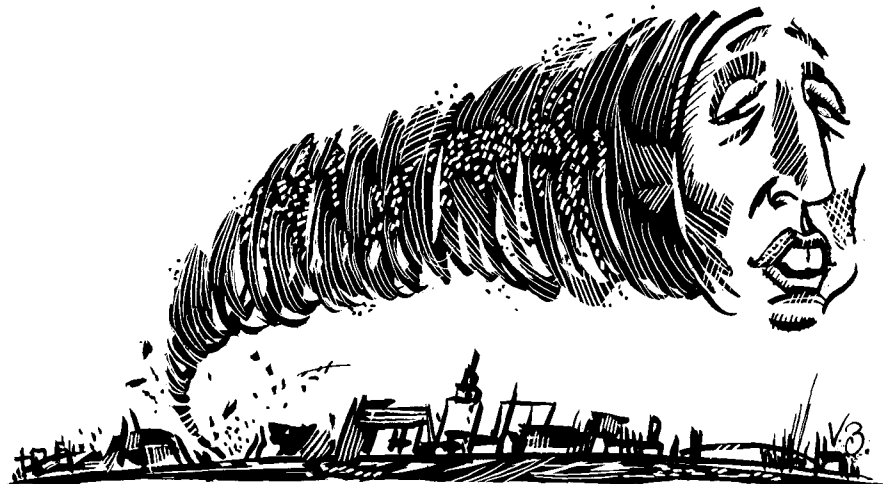
ting Rowley the dog—again. There is hot enthusiasm in *Cruising Speed*, a questing spirit. Whatever sins Buckley has been accused of—and he has been accused of many—*acedia* cannot be among them.

Buckley has been the house conservative for more than a decade: "house" being defined roughly as "the world." As spokesman of an unpopular and painfully controversial philosophy he has achieved an unique respect because of his sardonic humor, his intelligence, his value as theater and, especially, be-

cause of his unquestioned fairness. I once hinted that he was like the sportscaster who said "Goodness!" whenever he struck his thumb with a hammer, lest by pure chance he utter four-letter words in describing a double play. Were Buckley to be discredited, and there are those eager to discredit him on the flimsiest grounds (witness *NR's* Pentagon Papers), the effect would certainly transcend his personal life. Buckley must be aware of this. Wonderfully, it has not sterilized his incisiveness, his boldness. In *Cruising Speed*, very occasionally, the cost of this unremitting tension is suggested. It appears as a sort of sadness.

I quote. Buckley has just been crudely insulted by a young student,

. . . one of these days I will perhaps know enough about myself, though I do not spend much time in conscious introspection—this journal being a spectacular exception—to know whether such hurts are an offense pure and simple against my vanity, or whether, as I would prefer to think, they offend me as ruptures of the membrane of social



WANTED: readers who will use the card facing this page to introduce a friend to *National Review* now. Who knows what will happen next in the news? Whatever it is *National Review* will be there (we'd like your friend along too.) You choose the friend you think most likely to enjoy NR, then produce this handy card: urge your friend to use it without delay to try NR (dare him if you must!) We'll be glad you did (and so may your friend: remember, you may be starting a lifelong friendship!)

affections (Garry Wills' term) that make it possible for people to live together, people by definition being people who disagree on questions trivial and substantial.

Buckley's particular apostolate has been to America's youth. It is with students that the most remarkable scenes in *Cruising Speed* occur. They abuse and try him, rupturing and rerupturing that membrane of social affections. Yet they are also drawn to him; they yearn to be converted. Out of diligence and fairness Buckley is hugely patient and, yes, even interested. They write him (he answers personally 90 per cent of his six hundred letters a week); they hitch rides in his car; they come stoned on pot, to confront him in his office; they even threaten to accompany him on long plane rides. Rather than turn them away he endures the repetitious, predictable catechisms on Vietnam, race, repression, whatever. It is as though the Good Samaritan had been cursed with an advance man. Everywhere along Buckley's private road from Jerusalem to Jericho victims jump into wayside ditches, shed their raiment, expecting as their due a penny and at least one night at the Stamford Inn. More often than not, more often than deserved, they receive.

IN THE NEW Episcopal Book of Common Prayer "Lead us not into Temptation" is interestingly retranslated as "Do not bring us to the test." Bill Buckley is brought to the test again and again, on the campuses, on television, in newspapers and in NATIONAL REVIEW, in a private life that is seldom private. It must be enormously wearing despite the man's innate energy and intellectual quickness. Indeed, *Cruising Speed* ends,

c'est que la vérité qui blesse—what are my reserves? How will I satisfy them, who listen to me today, tomorrow? Hell, how will I satisfy myself tomorrow, satisfying myself so imperfectly, which is not to say insufficiently, today; at cruising speed?

Perhaps we have asked too much. We visceral, inarticulate conservatives who, when characterized as rednecks or hardhats by our adversaries, can only reply, "But look at Bill Buckley . . ." Probably we will continue to ask too much of him, for we haven't yet a substitute of comparable magnitude and acceptability. Meanwhile Buckley will still progress at his cruising speed—and what a glorious, various, exuberant and soul-draining speed it is. □

FICTION

Birds of America

By Mary McCarthy

Harcourt, 344 pp., \$6.95

Stories and Prose Poems

By Alexander Solzhenitsyn, Translated by Michael Glenny

Farrar, 267 pp., \$7.95

The Onion Eaters

By J. P. Donleavy

Delacorte, 306 pp., \$7.95

LOW SERIOUSNESS AND HIGH COMEDY

GUY DAVENPORT

Mary McCarthy's last three books dealt incisively with *die Gegenwart*, and their titles are plainly blunt: *Vietnam*, *Hanoi*, *The Writing on the Wall*. Before she took up the olive branch, she wrote witty and spry novels (*The Groves of Academe*, *The Group*) and readable, gossipy history books (*The Stones of Florence*, *Venice Observed*). Now she is back at novels again, with a hand so cultivated that it smooths all that it touches to a fine pâté.

Birds of America, which is not about birds, or America, is a novel in which Peter Levi (not the English Jesuit, poet and translator of that name, but a wholly fictional Peter Levi) goes to Paris from various homes and summer homes in New England to study French Culture at the Sorbonne. In Paris he has trouble adjusting to the communal conveniences at the end of the hall in his student hotel (this subject occupies 28 pages). He witnesses a minor scuffle in the great May riots, is perturbed by the Parisian beggars, has various ideological discussions with characters dragged in by their heels for the purpose, and collapses in grief when Lyndon Johnson orders Hanoi bombed. Hospitalized, he is visited by his mummy and soothed. Then the ghost of Immanuel Kant comes and sits on the edge of his bed (this scene is filched from Hesse's *Der Steppenwolf*) and tells him that Nature is dead.

I wish I could judge just how aware Miss McCarthy is that she has told a story about a young American who is essentially an aristocrat. That is, his moral conflicts are so well cushioned by wealth, by privilege, by advantages that just a few decades ago were still in excess of the reach of a czar or con-

sular family in the service of Helio-gabalus, that the less privileged reader, especially one who does not love a lord, is apt to dismiss the novel as an impertinent claim on his attention.

Still, if there is a patrician audience that is amused by the little heartaches of its offspring, I suppose this mild novel will not go without readers. I have seen too much of young Americans abroad to suspend too much disbelief in the reading. I have seen them dismantling Europe and putting it in their pockets to take home, as if every Sunday School in the Republic had been burned down, and the Ten Commandments alluded to lightly, if at all, by their parents. I have stood barricaded, together with a Dutch captain and a Greek crew that used some of the most colorful language I have ever heard, while two hundred American young from families well-to-do enough to send them to Europe for the summer tossed every toilet-seat and every potato aboardship into the North Sea. They also tossed as many of their own shoes as they could get off each other's feet, but that didn't worry the Captain and me as much as the toilet-seats and the potatoes.

That is, I wish I could believe with more ease in Miss McCarthy's Peter Levi. I suppose there *are* Americans who go to Paris to join the Sunday bird-watching groups, and whose sensibilities are so delicately aristocratic.

Even so, one wishes that Miss McCarthy had reverted to the comic spirit with which she used to cavort so well, and given us a more typical American abroad.

THE LATEST compilation of short Solzhenitsyn pieces will not do a great deal to enhance his reputation. Several of these short stories have appeared years ago, in other translations, and the prose poems have failed altogether to render up sense. There is one story here that holds one's attention well, and which displays the genius that is everywhere apparent in Solzhenitsyn's novels. This is "Matryona's House," an account of the author's first home after his release

D. Keith Mano's latest novel *The Death and Life of Harry Goth* has just been sold to the movies. . . . **Wayne J. Holman** is Professor of Physics at Duke University. . . . **Jean Jeffries**, a freelance writer in Burlington, Vermont, publishes in many conservative magazines, among them NR, Human Events, the New Guard.

from sixteen years in concentration camps. Matryona is an old peasant woman right out of the pages of Leskov. It is one of Solzhenitsyn's great themes that Communism has made the Russian people mean and materialistic, and the awful catastrophe that falls on Matryona comes from the encounter of her simple life with this new meanness.

The real importance of this little book is its alerting us to the fact that Solzhenitsyn is as good a writer of short stories as he is a novelist.

LA MCCARTHY is a master of the delicate conscience; Solzhenitsyn is a master of robust moral indignation; and J. P. Donleavy is a master of some of the most glorious nonsense to have been written since Sterne fell dead.

When Donleavy first came on with *The Ginger Man*, there was some hint that he too was an angry young man, and was rich in meaning, which, to be sure, he was keeping up his sleeve.

Not so, at all. There is a kind of comedy that may well begin in the traditional comic solicitude for a liquid articulateness to life on this planet but which soon forgets such noble guff and goes for the horselaugh. Donleavy has simply chosen to be as funny as he can, and does not sit down to the typewriter until he has several pages' worth of high-class insanity to record.

The Onion Eaters is therefore an outrageous performance from first page to last, with no mercy shown in any quarter. There is a plot, but it is in shambles before very long. There are characters whose achievements in idiocy reach heights undreamed of by Jerome K. Jerome, Wodehouse or Stella Gibbons. The only parallel fit to put beside Donleavy is his master Beckett.

Beckett likes his lunacy pungent, dry, and with a wistful glance at what might have been. Donleavy, whose Irishness overlays an American upbringing, has to try harder, and thus creates a more frenetic run of inspired idiots than Beckett. And Beckett's sardonic clowns are very brainy; there aren't enough brains among all Donleavy's twenty-odd characters to steer a calf.

The onion eaters of *The Onion Eaters* are a crew of vegetarian cranks who, in some vague and messy way, are geologists and researchers into sex, a subject which in Ireland takes on the difficulties of trisecting an angle or combing a part in a bear. These elate morons move in, uninvited, upon an

engaging chucklehead who has just inherited a castle in the west of Ireland, Clementine of the Three Glands (so runs the family name). The castle is in ruin, its floors dropping periodically into the rooms below, and sometimes into the sea which, at high tide, booms through the foundations. The castle has been kept over the years by a butler with a trick knee, a tongue as Irish as a peatbog, and a romantic, hazardous grip upon life ("Aye God, Sir, sexual ecstasy is impossible in this island, owing to the rain").

Donleavy is uninterruptedly bawdy, yet his obscenity is so grand and so open, that it rises above giving offense into a realm of its own, unchallenged and wild. Even the most prudish reader, however, might profitably stomach Mr. Donleavy's Gaelic randiness for the sake of his wit, which is as keen as can be found in comic writing in this dreary century, and for the sake of his invention, which belongs in Ben Turpin's league, and Chaplin's and Keaton's. A man as funny as J. P. Donleavy may write what he will. The clown's privileges are utterly free, for it is his art that keeps us sane. □

Upstate: Records and Recollections of Northern New York
By Edmund Wilson

Farrar, 386 pp., \$8.95

A MAN OF PROPERTY

RONALD BERMAN

This house the old backlog of all our family. Talcottville is a hard place in the Adirondacks and the building is expensive to keep up. There are lost roads going back to the nineteenth century, ending in quarries that used to make money and farms not producing any more. Stony and brutal, it won't give up. *It is a part of the whole moral foundation of my life.*

In one sense a book about the act of writing; but more than that a personal archaeology. Intensely realized presence of the communities and religions that were once alive in Lewis and Oneida, a cemetery full of friends and relations, the books and furniture of a country house in springtime. This is a hard book to do justice; a collection of notes over two decades that allows few ideas or

other vanities. Intellectually cruel, contempt for the reader apt to be easily inspired. *Mildly amused while my faculties are gradually decaying.*

Wilson reading over his own work with impatience, opening the great white elephants of the nineteenth century and cutting himself off from what we think are the books that matter. Abrasive, always after the reader with faith in politics or literature or virtue. *The thing is to outlive the sons-of-bitches.* Wilson is good at that. He likes, but has contempt for, Hemingway and Fitzgerald. Essentially, I think, a book about dying well: *my parents' generation have died, my own generation are growing old, and my younger cousins who still live here have become rather remote from the rest of us. My own children do not much like it here.* The first principle of public affections is love for one's origins; sometimes that has to be stated elegiacally.

THE CENTRAL FACT is the house. Stones and wood, really too large for this century with its diminished families, full of things that have become unfamiliar with disuse. A ruin that Wilson insists on inhabiting every spring. *The moral foundation of my life.* The whole complex of family and property, those realities which define or connect us involuntarily. It is also Wilson's metaphor for his own hold on life. The house is built in a place that should never have been cultivated, but which yielded to the stubbornness of farmers and woodcutters. Making something of the land, they made something of themselves. But power, which was used to follow land, has now gone over to money.

Now that land and family don't mean anything Lewis County has gone back to nature. *The woods around Osceola have been swarming lately with wild cats. People shoot them for the bounty, and they sometimes get badly chewed up. They find deer that have been killed by the cats, which leap upon them and bite through the jugular vein, but have been left by their predators uneaten.* In some parts it's dangerous to walk without a gun because of bears and packs of wild dogs. Many of the people remaining are on relief, their children buy motorcycles on time and ravage the countryside. Nineteenth-century America as dead as Karnak. Abandoned churches, collapsed houses *inside a dismal tangle of slatlike boards, their empty foundations now enclosed by woodland.*

RANDOM NOTES

■ **TRADE STIRRINGS.** Plan to do your Christmas book shopping late this year. Printers, binderies more backlogged than usual. Does this presage a spurt in the economy, or is it just more of the quixotic optimism of publishers?

■ **JUST OUT:** *Passion and Politics* by Seymour Martin Lipset and Gerald M. Schaflander surveys student activism (Little, Brown, \$8.95). . . . They're calling it *The Compact Edition of the Oxford English Dictionary*, but it costs \$75. . . . Richard H. Minear takes a dim view of the Tokyo war crimes trial in *Victors' Justice* (Princeton, \$7.95).

Edward Crankshaw's *The Habsburgs* portrays the whole dynasty (Viking, \$16.50). . . . *Places* is a memoir by Colette (Bobbs Merrill, \$6.95). . . . Sea-battle buffs should relish Donald McIntyre's *The Naval War against Hitler* (Scribner, \$10). . . . Anti-Naderism, at last, from Mary Bennett Peterson in *The Regulated Consumer*. Introduction by Milton Friedman (Nash, \$6).

Tolstoy, My Father is by son Ilya (Cowles, \$7.95). . . . Alan Bestic frowns at Billy Graham, Billy James Hargis, Oral Roberts and such in *Praise the Lord and Pass the Contribution* (Taplinger, \$6.50). . . . Georges Simenon probes the writer's

block that befell him in 1960 in *When I Was Old* (Harcourt, \$8.50). . . . Oscar and Mary Handlin look at youth and the family throughout American history in *Facing Life* (Little, Brown, \$7.95). . . . *Marcel Proust 1871-1922* is a collection of essays to celebrate the centennial. Edited by Peter Quennell (Simon & Schuster, \$12.95).

Leonard Lurie dissects the 1952 GOP Convention in *The King Makers*, pours scorn on Eisenhower and Nixon. Introduction by Murray Kempton (Coward, \$7.95). . . . *Maurice* is an E. M. Forster novel with a homosexual theme. Completed in 1915, it will get its unveiling from Norton. . . . Ralph G. Martin's *Jennie, Vol. II* covers Lady Randolph Churchill's life from 1895 to 1921 (Prentice-Hall, \$8.95). . . . *Those Damned Rebels* by Michael Pearson recreates the American Revolution as the mother country saw it (Putnam, \$10). . . . *America at 1750* is a posthumous social portrait by Richard Hofstadter (Knopf, \$6.95).

Leo Rosten's *Rome Wasn't Burned in a Day* is a lighthearted history of malaprops (Doubleday, \$9.95). From the same house, *Virginia: The New Dominion* is an illustrated history by Virginius Dabney. . . . Richard Lockett's *The White Generals* surveys the loyalist side of the Russian Revolution (Viking, \$10). From the same publisher, *Marie Antoinette* by Philippe Huisman and Marguerite Jallut boasts 266 illustrations, 166 in color (\$25).

their urban neuroses against the solidity of the upstate past. Thurber haunted by the Nobel Prize, Nabokov's egotism, A. J. Muste despairing of his folk-singers on the grass. And the long line of would-be intellectuals turned on by the latest craze. As for interdisciplinary studies, *I think I shocked them by saying that for a painter or a writer to talk to a musician—unless they happen to be special friends or to have other interests in common—was like a carpenter talking to a plumber.*

I can't think of a more disillusioned or necessary book right now. The emotional cost is high—what a blow for those who want to see their nerve endings sanctified, or who really do believe in the idea of progress. Wilson is a real heavyweight; after fifteen rounds all the books have been read, the authors and the curious society that intellectuals have woven for themselves are put away with the other relics. What remains is the old house, with a man slowly dying in it, thinking over the way things are. □

Einstein—The Life and Times

By Ronald W. Clark

World, 718 pp., \$15

THE WAYS OF A GENIUS

WAYNE J. HOLMAN III

When a new book on Einstein appears the average reader will eagerly search for the confirmation of his favorite apocrypha, but this reviewer searched Clark's new biography in vain for his own: that during Einstein's residence in Princeton speed limits in the town were artificially lowered because his random wandering often did not distinguish between the street and the sidewalk. It seemed so appropriate that in the intensity of his meditation on the great symmetries of space and time he should instinctively reject anything that violated them so crudely as a direction. But, alas, Clark deals ruthlessly with the whole canon, and the anecdote hunter will have to search authority from some work less austere disciplined. However, it is the discipline of his judgment no less than the massiveness of his research that makes this

There are marvelous, grotesque stories of death by modernity, a hypnotic succession of speeding automobiles shooting off mountain roads, farm machinery methodically grinding up arms and legs, snowmobiles and motorcycles smashing into trees and boulders. What a present for that past. *At last you emerge into the country of Oneida and Lewis Counties—it was misty, just at sundown, and beautiful, the mist lying along the green silky fields, the blurred orange light in the sky (the next day, clear, liquid and bright—white, yellow and orange)—it always gives rise in me up here to a kind of lofty purified thoughts: dignity and beauty of the country—all alone, but independent.*

AT THE WORST Wilson is cranky and valetudinarian. Rumbly about the cold war and the income tax, the fate of good eating in America. But really better than that, intentionally ungraceful and full of the facts of indigestion, hangovers, occasional heart attacks. Deeply self-critical, insights into the aging of people and ideas. The best

thing is a kind of sensibility not officially permitted any more. *It was the day of the fireman's fair and parade. Both Mary's daughters were in the parade, which went by just after we had finished dinner. Susie was playing the clarinet and Janet, I think, just marching in the contingent from West Leyden. The whole thing was touching and cheering.* Not exactly what you find in the *New York Review of Books*.

I like the unorganized reflections. Wilson annoyed with the pretensions of literary anxiety: *I fell back on my usual resource of reading books by and about Bernard Shaw, Max Beerbohm and Oscar Wilde.* I must mail that reading list to Herbert Marcuse. There is a constant revaluation of his own mind: *I got bored in the long run with my political and literary history and with the limited resources of my own vocabulary in dealing with this sort of thing.* A sentence that should be required reading for half the people one knows.

There are vignettes, some of them important, on Wilson's friends with

biography now the definitive one for a general audience.

Clark has not heard of the new style of biography. We get no examination of Einstein's sex life, no plumbing of neurosis; the details of his divorce from Mileva Maric remain in decent obscurity. His original contributions come from a study of available documents scattered over the world, and from



them he is able to present a clearer picture of Einstein's role in the development of the atomic bomb. We find that Einstein sent not one but two letters to President Roosevelt; the famous one of August 1939 is quoted in full, but only extracts are given from the second, dated March 7, 1940. In this he emphasizes the danger of the German uranium program, suggests a censorship over the results of nuclear research, and urges the establishment of what indeed later became the Manhattan Project. In subsequent years he came to think of his letters to Roosevelt as the greatest mistake of his life, but we do not find out how he reached this conclusion in spite of the evidence available at the time that the Nazis were working on a uranium project.

Clark traces Einstein's Brownian motion through the political turbulence of his times compassionately, conscientiously and laboriously. And we follow it in the same way. His pacifism, abandoned in the rise of the Nazi menace, his support for the Zionist cause, his later woolly internationalism—these are well known, and Clark is able to add even more detail. Thus, we learn that in December 1944 Einstein wrote to Niels Bohr suggesting that scientists act together to pressure their various governments into accepting international control over atomic energy. He apparently believed that Kapitza and Ioffe in Stalin's Russia were among scientists "who are really influential and know how to get a hearing with political leaders." Fortunately Bohr arrived on the scene in time to cool him down. In

1946 he suggested to Norman Thomas an international police force in which Russian troops would be stationed in the U.S. and vice versa, in analogy to "the way in which the old Austro-Hungarian empire allocated the troops of the different nationalities comprising it."

Through all of this chronicle Clark's judgment maintains its lucidity and precision: "His ideas for world government, in which he wrapped so tightly the solution of the nuclear dilemma, were considered wildly impractical by those with experience of day-to-day international relations, while those who favored them rarely appreciated that they rested on force as surely as the policies of the Pentagon or the Kremlin." But in the end, how much of all this do we really need to remember? Only the transparent goodness and honesty of the man and the epitaph written for his political efforts long ago by John Henry Newman: "Quarry the granite rock with razors, or moor the vessel with a thread of silk; then may you hope with such keen and delicate instruments as human knowledge and human reason to contend against those giants, the passion and the pride of man."

Clark shows a firm grasp of Einstein's scientific contributions and their context up through the papers of 1915 and 1918 on the general theory. He presents the special theory of 1905 in terms of the standard paradigms of rowboats and locomotives, sparing us the cuteness which so often afflicts physicists who address a general audience. It would have been preferable simply to derive the equations of the Lorentz transformation from the constancy of the velocity of light in all inertial frames, as can be done with nothing but the most elementary high-school mathematics. In presenting the general theory, Clark limits himself to a statement of the principle of equivalence and a description of the three classic experiments. He takes care to make clear what is meant by "curved space." We eagerly await the parables that will introduce us to the relativistic theory of the nonsymmetric field, but Clark gives us only the *bouquet* of Einstein's work after 1918: his Thirty Years' War against quantum mechanics and his attempt to unify the gravitational and electromagnetic fields *and their sources*, mass and charge (not mentioned by Clark), into a single

geometry. This vision is still pursued by the school of Wheeler, Misner and others, but the complexity of the coupled nonlinear equations and the difficulty of experimental test still remain obstacles.

The center of Einstein's life was in his work, and his true biography can be written only by a physicist for physicists. Clark does what he can to balance the popular view of Einstein—Charlie Chaplin as seer and psychopomp—but it is only the day-by-day, year-by-year struggle of the living mind with its material that reveals its qualities, its discipline and acumen, its shrewdness and insight. The same intelligence that confected an exchange of garrisons between the U.S. and the Soviet Union once replied to the young Heisenberg, when he said that nothing not physically observable should be incorporated into physical theory: "It is the theory which tells us what we may observe."

Fortunately there is now an agreement between the Einstein estate and Princeton University Press on the publication of the collected papers, and it is here that we find his true life. It was once said of Swinburne that he made English musical, and it is enough to ask a man to do one thing well. And Einstein did far more for physics than Swinburne for the English language. □

The Left-Leaning Antenna

By Joseph Keeley

Arlington, 320 pp., \$8.95

LIBERATING THE MEDIA

JEAN JEFFRIES

Suppose ABC, CBS and NBC were to hurtle through the looking glass one night, and we woke the next day to find the networks leaning to the right with precisely the same tilt that they presently lean to the left. CBS Morning News would nudge us awake with an amusing report on Mayor Lindsay's expansive public-relations machine. The *Today Show* would expose the squalid horror of drug addiction and strongly imply that Timothy Leary was not, after all, as Hugh Downs had told us, a "misunderstood" prophet. On the evening news Phil Luce would interview a conservative student who had been

roughed up by "left-wing fascists." The grape-workers who sued César Chavez' union would tell Bill Rusher all about it. A group of GIs in Vietnam would explain why they support Nixon. Just for balance, a Birch Society spokesman would give a kooky opinion of the Paris peace talks. And so on.

WHAT would liberals do if this continued to be the "news" they got on all three networks? Remember, liberals don't defend to the death unlimited freedom of the press when it's not *their press*. As Mr. Keeley reminds us, Agnew's critic Nicholas Johnson once complained that the networks were probably "beyond the check of any institution in our society." And Adlai Stevenson once charged that certain newspaper editorials had "bordered on treason."

So what would they do? Relinquish their stake in the public airways and turn off their sets? Not likely. For one thing, we would probably see the proliferation of books much like this one, exploring the bias and suggesting remedies.

This is a readable book. There are useful documents in the appendices, including the Code of the National Association of Broadcasters, a code that seems to have fallen into disuse. (Consider these provisions: "Programs should reflect respect for . . . the constituted authorities of the American community. The presentation of techniques of crime in such detail as to invite imitation shall be avoided. The administration of illegal drugs will not be displayed. News reporting should be factual, fair and without bias.")

I have two complaints. Although the subtitle is "Political Bias in Television," the author detours to knock down soap operas, John Dewey, Dr. Spock and the *New York Times*. If the book suffers from being too diffuse, however, it is not entirely Mr. Keeley's fault. It's easy to document the *Times'* mistaken appraisal of Castro in the 1950s by checking back copies in the local li-

brary. We tend to forget that CBS was in the Sierra Maestra in those days, too, with a camera team headed by Robert Tabor, a future executive secretary of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee. What did the Tabor reports have to say about Castro? Lacking access to the CBS archives, Mr. Keeley had no way of knowing.

My second complaint is that the author's own bias sometimes blurs his argument. Describing an Army deserter who appeared on the Susskind show, for instance, as "an effeminate type who even talked with a swish" is uncalled for and counterproductive.

If Mr. Keeley had more carefully followed the good advice he gave to anyone writing a letter of complaint to the media—stick to the point and avoid name-calling—this would have been a better book. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE AMERICAN INDIAN: PAST AND PRESENT, Edited by Roger L. Nichols and George R. Adams (Xerox, 295 pp., \$3.95). Now that every conceivable book on any facet of the Negro experience in America has finally appeared to glut the market, it's time for other hitherto-ignored minorities to be "treated" to death. We are presently girding our loins for the red rage—American Indians, that is—and might just as well settle back and count on a few dreary years of the Noble Savage bit. Professors Nichols and Adams, to their credit, have edited a well-balanced collection of essays on the American Indian which, while it won't bring unalloyed glee to the hearts of the newly hopeful Red Studies specialists, should do very nicely for the rest of us. Oliver La Farge presents the "Myths That Hide the American Indian," including some tribes' well-developed systems of slavery and fiendishly enjoyed sadism. The late Felix Cohen's superb twenty-year-old essay, "Americanizing the White Man," undogmatically demonstrates some of the many truly notable achievements of the original Americans, including, what we should remember but rarely do, the great importance of Indian medicine: quinine, cocaine, ipecac, witch hazel, petroleum jelly, oil of wintergreen and much more. William Willis' splendid 1963 article from the *Journal of Negro History*, "Divide and Rule: Red, White and Black in the Southeast," details the ways whites played off Indians against Negroes and vice-versa. Most of the two dozen essays are of high quality, although the last, "Alcatraz," written by Rupert Costo in 1970—probably included to be (ugh) Relevant—is unin-

tentionally embarrassing. Although understandably emotional about the present lot of his people, Mr. Costo speaks so enthusiastically of the Indian takeover of Alcatraz that his piece becomes laughable in light of the recent discovery of the wanton destruction his co-ethnics left behind on that rock in San Francisco Bay. *Sic transit gloria Tonto*.

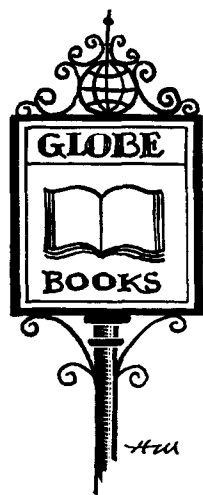
D. J. C. BRUDNOY

CENTRAL AFRICA: The Former British States, by Lewis H. Gann (Prentice-Hall, 125 pp., \$5.95; paper, \$2.45). Rhodesia, Zambia and Malawi (formerly Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland) form a geographic region in the center of the southeast portion of the African continent, not in the center of the continent at all. As Dr. Gann of the Hoover Institution says, the name "British Central Africa" by which this region was known is confusing and unfortunate, but there exists no other designation if one is referring to the three now independent countries as a geographic unit—and a huge one, at that. It comes as a surprise to learn that Rhodesia is slightly smaller than California, Zambia is somewhat larger than Texas, and Malawi about the size of Pennsylvania. Dr. Gann recounts the history of this area up to the present, with its political, social and economic complexities, in a remarkably evenhanded manner. The indigenous peoples, the Moslem and Portuguese traders, the British settlers and empire builders are all presented from their own passionate viewpoints and with their complex of motives. Of particular interest are the portrayals of the indigenous powers and the variety of their techniques in dealing with the strangers in their land. Dr. Gann is dispassionate even in his account of the hot political tempers of the post-colonial era.

E. B. MEYER

DEADLY HALL, by John Dickson Carr (Harper, \$6.95). *Deadly Hall* is the old maestro's latest, as well as his third criminological expedition to a bygone New Orleans. Carr has devised some business about a manor house transported from England to New Orleans, complete with "killer staircase." Once again, we encounter those familiar Carr trademarks—the "impossible" murder, the sense of gothic menace, lightened by liberal splashes of local color and a high sense of comedy. One may add, though, that the longer Carr writes, the more one appreciates him. And not just as plotter and stylist, but also as the nearest thing to a moralist currently practicing the noble art of literary detection. Which scarcely is to set him down in the Puritan camp. Carr hates all Puritans and blue-noses. What he is, instead, is an unapologetic Tory—an old-fashioned champion of gentility, taste, standards and romance.

W. MURCHISON JR.



Arts & Manners

GAMES

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

Lovely Battle

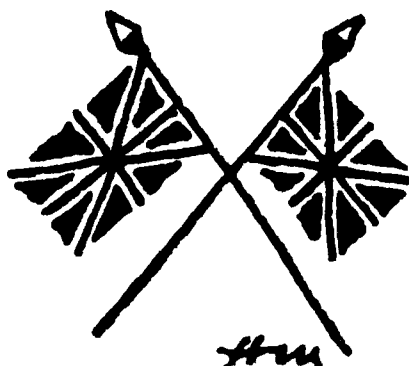
Being a prisoner of war is no pleasant thing, but, if you must be one, let it be in Worcester, England. It was in that pleasant old cathedral city that, on a recent August evening, I found the taproom of my hotel (Ye Old Talbot, a delightful, renovated hostelry dating from the thirteenth century) occupied by enemy troops. They were Roundheads, of course, members of the notorious Warwick Regiment, and their ribald singing had sent several respectable matrons scrambling out the door just before I entered. Expecting the worst, I sought out their commanding officer, a squat, plebeian fellow with a beard, red nose and bleary eyes, and peacefully surrendered. As a senior Cavalier officer from North America, it seemed the reasonable thing to do.

The gesture was not necessary. On the eve of battle, this particular group of Roundheads was more interested in singing and guzzling tepid bitter than in taking prisoners. Only after I asked a distinctly Southern Irish member of the group if he knew the words to "The Sash My Father Wore" did I detect a momentary tenseness. It flared briefly, extinguished by a further pint of bitter. Innocent conversation with a comely wench in period garb, more drinking and banter, and then to bed. It had been a full day and on the morrow, foemen were destined to clash. No time for dalliance.

In August 1971, Worcester was celebrating its Charter Festival, and, as part of the festivities, a friend, Brigadier Peter Young, DSO, MC, FRHS, etc., was staging re-enactments of English Civil War battles fought in the Worcester area in 1642 and 1651. Hence the horses, cannon, armored men, gaudy

camp-followers and an occasional ranting Anabaptist chaplain.

At dinner the night before, the Brigadier, surrounded by his staff, had discussed the affair. As "Captain-Generall" of the Society of Roundheads and Cavaliers, Peter Young commands a private army of about a thousand troops. This is small beer for a man who led the First Commando Brigade in WW II and who later commanded the crack Ninth Regiment of the Arab Legion under Glubb Pasha, but, small though it is, this army is his and his alone—so much so that British Intelligence once investigated it, expecting, no doubt, to uncover a more tasteful English equivalent of the French Secret



Army Organization bent on overthrowing the civil authorities. Instead, they discovered stands of pointless pikes, piles of plastic breastplates, and a merry band of weekend history buffs, movie stuntmen on holiday, retired (but not overly Blimpish) colonels, and a mass of eager recruits whose aim was not revolution, but re-enactment (with suitable shoving, bashing and pushing) of perhaps the most stirring period of English history. British intelligence bowed out; the Society went on from strength to strength.

Today, it can field a fully costumed army of two opposing forces, complete with cavalry and artillery (mostly old but serviceable bronze pieces dating not from the seventeenth century, but from the Crimean War). The cannon fodder

is drawn from all segments of the population.

Saturday afternoon, the day before the battle, a hundred of the best equipped troops paraded from the Worcester race-course through town to the green beside the cathedral. A large crowd laughed and cheered as Roundheads in the ranks warned that the loyal city was doomed and Cavaliers called out cheers for "The King and the Laws." An on-and-off thunderstorm dampened nobody's spirits, but one unhappy trooper, wearing an authentic metal helmet, was struck by lightning. Both sides claimed him for an enemy and declared it a favorable omen. The unfortunate casualty miraculously escaped with his life and a new-found respect for the virtues of plastic.

As the forces tramped to the green, there was a short, violent hailstorm. In August a hailstorm is passing strange, even in England, and it did not go unnoticed by the horses, who registered their displeasure with much rearing and whinnying, while the spectators scrambled into the crypt of the ancient cathedral.

On the morrow, in a large field adjoining a stately old Georgian mansion a few miles outside of town, the massed forces turned out for drilling, martial music and the battle itself. It started slowly enough, but reached a fine pitch with drums rolling, armored cavalry cantering across the field and cannon belching forth not only smoke but shot (powder-filled tennis balls, actually). When one of the cannons fired, a spirited beagle, no doubt the descendant of a pup that followed his master to the wars in the seventeenth century, began to bay and tug at his leash, straining to join the fray. Only the charms of a passing lady Sealyham finally succeeded in distracting him from his purpose.

The battle lasted several hours, during which some of my amiable captors of the night before had time to step aside and exchange a few pleasantries before shouldering their pikes and once more leaping into the breach. When the smoke finally cleared, no one was really sure who had won, but no one was very concerned about it. The play was the thing, not the climax, and it had been an enjoyable blend of football, horsemanship, pyrotechnics and vintage Cecil B. DeMille.

The crowd of several thousand spectators melted away toward their cars, the beagle trotted off in pursuit of the

fair Sealyham, and the Brigadier, delicately poised atop a haystack and flushed with the success of the day (and doubtless an occasional pull at the flask), gave his army a spirited harangue. The army responded with three even more spirited cheers and then retired to its tents behind the mansion.

As a senior officer without command, I had chosen to watch rather than trail a pike and risk a cracked skull—there were plenty of local bumpkins eager enough to fill the ranks and, besides, I have always been more of a Clarendon than a Prince Rupert, anyway. But watching also has its advantages. It can lead to thinking, and the pleasures of the day were slightly overcast by the reflection that in our times men like the Brigadier (a decorated soldier, much-published scholar and remarkable personality) must play out their destinies on the outskirts of Worcester or the likes, while the world they once ran with a firm but civil hand becomes an ever-worsening broil of Nigerians hacking up Biafrans, Punjabis butchering Bengalis, and Arabs sniping at Israelis. The playing fields of Eton nowadays lead only to Worcester; humanity may be the worse for it.

BUT there is no use crying over spilt blood. Gloomy thoughts and world events aside, what happened at Worcester was, in its way, an impressive show of sportsmanship, pride in tradition and the likable side of the British character. On what can be a sad, drab, socialized little island, here was something bright and reassuring which (there was no helping it!) reminded me of a few lines from Kipling:

*If England was what England seems,
An' not the England of our dreams,
But only putty, brass, an' paint,
'Ow quick we'd drop 'er!
But she aint!* □

Aram Bakshian Jr., a public information specialist with a government agency, is the senior North American officer in the Sealed Knot Society of Cavaliers and a collector of military miniatures and prints. He writes extensively on military subjects. . . . **David Brudnoy**, a man of many parts, reviews *Follies* in this issue, has joined the faculty of Bastion College, is a Japan scholar. . . . **John C. Smith** is a newspaper man from Baltimore currently on a leave of absence.

BROADWAY

DAVID BRUDNOY

Follies in Loveland

Every Thirties musical you never saw—at least every one *I* never saw—seems to haunt *Follies*, Harold Prince's lavish musical destined to go on for years at New York's Winter Garden. Can one be nostalgic for what one's never known? Logically, no; in fact, of course, yes. It's all there: Busby Berkeley-like extravaganza; Ziegfeld-type chicks (oops, anachronism: *girls!*) in costumes suitable for the harem of Kubla Khan of Xanadu, of blessed memory; you name it. But it's not all there, in fact it's all a great specter of those overstuffed pulchritude displays coupled with an almost orientally convoluted story of domestic unbliss. And it's one hell of a show, worth—shudder—the inflated prices they charge on Broadway these days, wage-price freeze notwithstanding.

Follies' story is a mess. Dimitri Weismann (for you, Flo Ziegfeld) invites all his old Weismann girls and their hubbies back to the Weismann Theater for one last bash before the building comes down to be replaced by what Manhattan needs most, another parking lot. So back they troop, his girls, plump or wizened or over-bleached or a bit pathetic but in any case, a long shot from being chorus cuties anymore. They're all there, the lovelies from 1918, 1923, 1938, and especially, two from 1941, Sally Durant Plummer, played by Dorothy Collins, and Phyllis Rogers Stone, alluringly, bitchingly done by Alexis Smith, who looks like Pat Nixon with more glamor.

Sally and Phyl were roommates when they worked in Weismann's *Follies*, then they met Ben Stone and Buddy Plummer, dated the boys and married them. But Sally always really loved Ben, who became a diplomat, and Ben, whether he loved either, in fact jilted Sally, who married Buddy, who became a traveling salesman. In and around nostalgia bits by several of the old show-girls, today's Ben, Buddy, Phyllis and Sally re-examine their lives, aided by four young actors playing the leads in 1941. It's a confused jumble and doesn't add up to much except that

none of the four is happy now, none really knew each other then, and tomorrow doesn't look a damn sight better than today.

Thus told, the story sounds dippy and is. But it's not the whole of *Follies* or anything like the whole. The story's weak, granted, but the execution is magnificent. My favorite musical in years was *Hair*, but I loved *Follies* too. The connection? Not the book, since *Hair's* was exciting and *Follies'* is nothing. But the production in *Follies* is faultless, as was *Hair's*. What makes an expensive musical worth it? Colors, sounds, images. To expect profundity in a Broadway musical is like listening for words of logical wisdom from LSD-trippers. Wrong genre. A Broadway musical should glitter and thrill. *Follies* has it; it does it beautifully. The pacing is perfect, numbers following each other in just the right mix of light and sad. Boris Anderson offers a wonderful set, the old theater just about to go boom: Michael Bennett's choreography is exact; Stephen Sondheim's lyrics are alternately cynical and *gemütlich*; Tharon Musser's elegant lighting should be required viewing for the perpetrators of all those hideous productions in the sticks which equate glare with brilliance; and best, best of all, Florence Klotz' costumes are smashing. Edith Head, eat your heart out.

So *Follies* relies on the way it's done, rather than on what's said in words. There's an unbelievably fabulous scene, about three-fourths through, where Buddy, Sally, Ben and Phyllis have confronted each other and, joined by their four younger incarnations, are talking with—really shouting *at*—each other. All of a sudden the stage bursts into light, a candy-box valentine scenery descends, the whole company of chorines and chorons flits out and dances up a storm. We're in Loveland. I can't recall a more effective, more perfect transition in Broadway musicals. A series of musical vignettes conveys through use of the Loveland *Follies* image a commentary on the foibles of Ben, Buddy, Phyllis and Sally.

Buddy, performed with seeming effortlessness by Gene Nelson, hoofs it in a wry "The God-Why-Don't-You-Love-Me Blues," after which Sally wails "Losing My Mind" and Phyllis does "The Story of Lucy and Jessie" with red-hot-mamma verve. Then Ben (John McMartin), all gussied up in white tie and white tails and white top hat, ac-

accompanied by the ravishing chorines, tries to convince us, in "Live, Laugh, Love," that he's having a ball. But he collapses halfway through, dissolves into terror, and the set once again shifts back to the Weismann Theater hull, now at daybreak, old brownstones showing through the hole in the wall at the back of the house. The show ends, our four leads determined to make a stab at—well, enough on the story.

How can I feel a thrill at seeing Yvonne De Carlo sing "I'm Still Here," about how she's made it through thirty years of ups and downs, mainly downs? I don't even know who Yvonne De Carlo is. But she's true to the milieu; she is—I mean no unkindness—a representative broken-down ex-star. And Fifi D'Orsay? Another way-before-my-timer, but as Solange LaFitte, telling us in one of those impossibly coy and cutesy ooh-la-la-Gay-Paree ditties just how ooh-la-la Gay Paree really was, she captivated me. Don't ask for explanations. It works. It captured me at 31 and, as was evident just by the feel of gladness in the house, it captured everyone else in the audience, some obviously relating experientially to the age of the Follies, others, like me, turning on to nostalgia for what we never knew. □

SCENES

JOHN C. SMITH

What's Up Underground

The world of underground newspapers is divided into two parts: The People and people. To the former, all power. The streets belong to them. To the rest of us, hard cheese. But if it's really underground, it's been down so long it looks like up to me.

"It is an open conspiracy," wrote Ethel Romm. "The revolution is taking place in public, on the newsstands, through the U.S. mail with second-class mailing privileges." She estimated 1968 circulation at a million, pass-around readership at six million. It's probably more now, with sheets springing up like locoweed. Why? The duller lumpenleft say city desks filter the action to fit supposed prejudices of their readers, creating a classic economic demand for alternative media.

Herbert Marcuse, the guru, agrees: "We don't have a free exchange of ideas in our country. The mere fact that the Left has no access to the mass media shows that," he said. He deplored the studentry's having to "do something" to get attention, because they don't have enough money to buy advertising. Yep, his thoughts appeared in a *New York Times* interview. Wiser practitioners of media use and abuse



remember the flack's cardinal dictum: Spell the name right; to which might be added, chicks and priests up front when the pigs start swinging and the cameras start rolling.

WHAT the big papers don't do for the revolution is what the community weekly does in a small town—serve as a bulletin board. You do not yet see grass-market quotations, friendly lawyers for bustees, those magical mystery words, in combination and profusion, and invocations to Ho Ho Ho Chi Minh, continental liar from the state of dinh, in the everyday press.

They don't tell about hustling the welfare in New York, as did *Rat*:

"The city's welfare roles [sic] are growing at a fantastic rate. There are almost a million New Yorkers on welfare now. Most of them are mothers with children, disabled or old people, but you don't have to be any of these things to get on welfare. You just have to show up at your local welfare office, broke and with some touching explanation, and the city will give you enough money to keep alive."

There's advice to scholars, from *Guardian*:

"One method of destroying the privatization imposed by bourgeois education is to destroy the secrecy of grades and exams. Immediately after tests are passed out during exam periods, members of the caucus could begin reading exams aloud, openly criticizing the questions and discussing whatever an-

swers they think are best. All members of the class would be urged to join the dialogue."

If Teach objects to the dialogue why, of course, off Teach.

When the SDS national council balanced hem with haw a few years ago and decided drugs were a capitalist plot, Marvin Garson wrote in *Good Times* that the Progressive Labor tribe was "guilt-ridden and puritanical."

THE *Realist* came up with the following great quote, in a story by Frank Bardacke about the trial of the Oakland Seven:

"If you want to understand why so many in our generation have a casual attitude toward law you must start with Dr. Spock's *Baby and Child Care*. One of the main purposes of this book was to relax parents and break down the system of rigid, inflexible rules that dominated the child. It was a revolutionary book when it came out in the early 1940s, and it helped to raise a revolutionary generation. Those right-wing nuts who blame everything on Spock are not far wrong."

And a writer expounds on armed love, in *Good Times*:

"I love you all, but if you try to force me to live in your fascist state, I will blow your heads off."

Chicago Seed urges the Chinese to arrest Nixon as a war criminal. And, everywhere, Abbie Hoffman's guide to theft is reprinted.

Tough talk, this, but the papers make a buck, too. The wilder want ads run to this sort of thing:

"Want a slave? Young w/m slave seeks women and couples to help me serve. Digs personal humiliation or? Will do ANYTHING you ask." And so on. The *Berkeley Barb*, which charges extra for ads having to do with personal service, even cautions its advertisers to get their hyphens in the right place.

The political stance of the underground press, ah, relates to conspiracy. A gnome in the Pentagon pushes a button, and thousands starve. And he does it because he likes it. History is levitating the Pentagon. Ancient history is Berkeley 1964. Politics is harassing the dean. Astrology is very important.

And so the revolution lurches toward its particular Bethlehem, with the aid of cheap offset printing. Albert J. Nock's mass men are still led by the same old sagacious knaves, though now we call them beautiful cats. □

LEJEUNE

(Continued from page 1110)

instead of bitter Catholic discontent in Ulster, there would be bitter Protestant discontent in Eire.

Much of the trouble now is the result of a border hastily and carelessly drawn and a clumsy political system created, fifty years ago, by a British government that was tired of the Irish Question and was responding then to threats and counterthreats.

The real issue is not civil rights or participation or constitutional change. It is something much more important, not just for Ireland, but for the world—whether violence is going to be shown, yet again, to pay political dividends. □

LOBDELL

(Continued from page 1111)

versation on the fate of all worlds with a Texas delegate named Louis Armstrong) more than of speeches or nominations or resolutions. And I think the question suggests itself: What is the real function of a Convention of Young Americans for Freedom?

The purpose of YAF 10 was clear—to introduce the generations of YAF to one another. But Tom Huston (National Chairman 1965-1967) and Dave Keene (National Chairman 1967-1971), though they were present at the Shamrock Hilton, were in the background, and Bob Bauman (National Chairman 1962-1965) was there as keynoter for the Presidential Nominating Convention. Moreover, the Paul Bivers and Dave Nobles were also in the background: It was the current YAF leadership, Randy Teague, Ron Docksai, Dick Derham, the State Chairmen, whose Convention this was. Theirs was the business of the Convention, theirs the resolutions, theirs the nominations, theirs the elections to the National Board. To them is due credit for the efficiency of the elections and the debate and moreover for its ideological consistency.

But if the purpose was to involve all the delegates in intelligent consideration of the issues, it is not sure that the leaders entirely succeeded, though it is certain they tried. To say this is not to diminish what they did achieve—the largest YAF Convention ever and the most peaceful, intelligent debate on resolutions, a veritable era of good feeling. Yet the doubt persists. Delegations,

even after the politicking was over, tended to stay together regionally. One admits the progress YAF has made, indeed rejoices in it, but do I note in myself a fugitive and unreconstructed longing for the bad old days when conservatives of many shades united behind the hopeless candidacy of Barry M. Goldwater?

Doubtless such things must go by the board as an organization matures. YAF is bigger than ever, its leadership stable, its membership expanding. Put me down, if you will, as too much of a reactionary entirely to appreciate success, but also in slight awe of what Randal Teague and Ronald Docksai have brought forth. □

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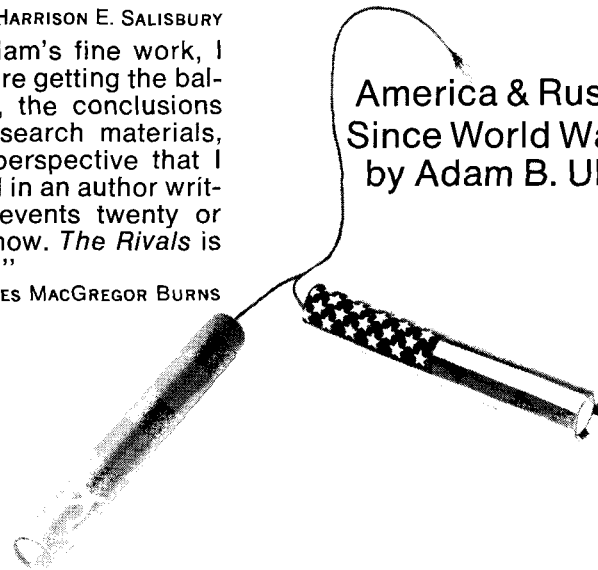
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LETTERS

(Continued from page 1088)

In regard to another article in the same issue, Reed J. Irvine's "The Selling of the Pentagon," I wish to thank *NR* for informing the public what CBS was up to. As a former military information officer who opposed, personally, the propaganda effort of the Defense Department even while assisting it, I was generally cheered by the CBS program. Although informing internal and external publics regarding the U.S. military is an important function, I definitely agree with CBS that propaganda programs and boondoggle trips for community opinion leaders and military-industrial-complex executives (e.g., DOCA—Defense Orientation Conference Association) should be abandoned. My major complaint about the CBS program had been that while pointing out the propagandistic nature of some Defense programs, it failed even to try to distinguish (not that it would have been an easy job) between propaganda and information. Now, having read your article, I am appalled at the cut-and-paste methods employed by CBS. Thanks for bringing this to light. I wish Mr. Henkin well in a libel suit for having been presented to the nation as a pompous ass.

Salt Lake City, Utah THOMAS P. KLEBER

I was most appreciative of Patrick D. Maines' article. May I offer a suggestion? If the Unsell campaign continues, perhaps you could reproduce the Committee's letterhead in a future issue. This consumer would like to advise each major client of Doyle, Dane et al. of a selective boycott of that client.

Abington, Pa.

BRUCE M. RUSK

Advertising and the Church

The article, "The Unselling of the Vietnam War," by Patrick D. Maines was most significant. However, as a reformed and regenerate advertising man, who wandered fourteen years in the desert, please allow me to remark on the last sentence of the article. I find it odd that the words "professional integrity" should be used to dignify advertising, which is at its best an artful craft, in the sense of the "Artful Dodger."

As the rector of a "middle American" Episcopal parish, I was amused by D. Keith Mano's article about my Church in the same issue. Maybe I should have been appalled. However, please be assured that the rank-and-file clergy disclaim the attention-getting antics of such *enfants terribles* as the bishops mentioned in the article.

Warwick, R.I.

DAG C. G. SANDSTROEM

Kershner Replies

I am grateful to D. B. Duval for the nice things he says about my *Dividing the Wealth* ["Books in Brief," Aug. 24], but his review does contain two misrepresenta-

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

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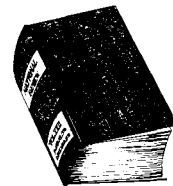
tions, which I would like to correct. He says I am simplistic in placing "the blame for freedom's reversal on a 1905 speech by socialist Daniel De Leon." Honestly, I discuss many reasons for "freedom's reversal." The De Leon hoax was only one of them. It *did* change history, but it was one of *many* things that caused the turnaround.

Then, Mr. Duval mistakenly says I "tie capitalism to Jesus, thereby forever excluding from the pro-capitalist ranks all nonbelievers in this country and around the world." On page sixty I point out that from "the observance of the moral law . . . came the ideals of freedom that motivated the founders and developers of our country." In the same paragraph I refer to "the Judeo-Christian religion" and "the Ten Commandments." The Ten Commandments and Judaism precede the coming of Christ by at least two thousand years. I specifically said "these principles which are taught by all leading religions" make "life and property secure."

When men worship God, they tend to accept the principles which they attribute to him. It is certainly not necessary to be a Christian to worship God. Nor do I exclude from the pro-capitalist ranks all nonbelievers, for men may believe in the principles set forth in the Ten Commandments even though they are not believers in an orthodox sense.

Buena Park, Calif. HOWARD E. KERSHNER

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Thieu and Democracy

New York, Sept. 24—The concern of our leaders for the state of South Vietnamese democracy shows that the old Wilsonian virus continues to run in our veins. It is partly the fault of Lyndon Johnson and (less so) Richard Nixon. Mr. Johnson was forever talking about how it was America's goal to secure the right of the South Vietnamese to have a government of their choice, and there are echoes of the same kind of thing in the Presidential rhetoric of his successor. In fact Mr. Nixon was telling people long before he became President, that the United States had no business in South Vietnam except insofar as our presence there related to American security, and it is of precious little bearing on American security whether President Thieu runs against one or a dozen opponents.

It was a dozen candidates (by the way) that he ran against the last time around, and of course the critics were dissatisfied with that performance. They kept saying that he was a minority President, which is true: so was Abraham Lincoln and so, for that matter, is Richard Nixon. If you have enough contenders, the chances are that the winner will come in with a plurality instead of a majority. But then the White House sent over some observers from the American academy, who came back and reported that the election had been run fairly, in the sense that the votes had been fairly counted. The exclusion of candidates who were judged to be unqualified in a time of civil war because they failed to declare their solidarity against the enemy was not held to be a democratic travesty. Winston Churchill, in England's hour of crisis, would not have shared an election with a Quisling. In fact, Mr. Churchill's government simply did away with national elections during the War.

It is extraordinarily disappointing to admirers of Senator Henry Jackson that he should at this point come forward to say that if he is not satisfied that President Thieu is re-elected as the result of an authentic democratic exercise, he will "rethink" his support of our venture in Vietnam. There may be reasons enough to rethink our venture in Viet-

nam, but democratic scruple is hardly one of them. The South Vietnamese electoral tangle is mystifying to men of occidental orientation, but we ought to make an effort to understand. We are dealing with a country whose total experience with democracy is younger than that of an American eighteen year old. We are talking about a country ravaged by disorder, tumult, inflation, terror.

THE QUESTION that Senator Jackson should be asking himself is: What outcome would least likely result in the undoing of the agonizing effort of the past four years? That is the only moral—and intelligent—question to ask. If the re-election of Thieu is the likeliest event to bring stability and insure the independence of South Vietnam, that is the goal we should desire above the others. The others it now appears are disruptive campaigns in which personal ambitions enhance the enemy's subversive leverage. Big Minh, a popular figure who withdrew from the race, eight years ago conducted the assassination of the incumbent President, a development we now accept as an overture to the chaos that precipitated American involvement. Marshal Ky, for all his talk about patriotism and duty to the country, would rather embarrass South Vietnam and jeopardize its chances of surviving, than participate ignominiously in the kind of political charade which—just to give an example—is routine in the enlightened state of Mexico, every five years.

Professor Harry Jaffa wrote hauntingly a few years ago, in an essay on the historical meaning of civil liberties, that "No American statesman ever violated the ordinary maxims of civil liberties more than did Abraham Lincoln, and few seem to have been more careful of them than Jefferson Davis. Yet the cause for the sake of which the one slighted these maxims was human freedom, while the other, claiming to defend the forms of constitutional government, found in those forms a ground for defending and preserving human slavery."

It is such an analysis as this that we need to meditate. Is the prospect under

a re-elected Thieu, running without formal opposition, better than the prospect of a Thieu government undermined by an American government which is overwhelmed by the kind of scrupulosity identified centuries ago by theologians as a moral excess that lapses into sinfulness? □

MR. RESTON'S REVOLUTION

New York, Sept. 20—Art Buchwald wrote a very funny column

about *New York Times* reporter James Reston after the news got out that Mr. Reston, stricken with an appendix attack while visiting China, was operated on at the Anti-Imperialist Hospital. He reported that the Chinese surgeons had inserted into Mr. Reston's nubile stomach a little receiver which would transmit to Chinese agents all the conversations with the nabobs Mr. Reston regularly visits with. Also, said Buchwald—carried away—the surgeons stuck in a little tape machine which, when sorely provoked by bourgeois animadversions on Communist China, would cause Mr. Reston's lips involuntarily to spew forth a relevant Thought or two of Chairman Mao's.

Last week the *New York Times* printed a tiny piece recording a statement made by James Reston at Tokyo which sounds like Buchwald attempting to validate his fantasy.

"I'm a Scotch Calvinist," Mr. Reston said. "I believe in redemption of the human spirit and the improvement of man. Maybe it's because I believe that or I want to believe it that I was struck by the tremendous effort to bring out what is best in man, what makes them good, what makes them cooperate with one another and be considerate and not beastly to one another. They are trying that."

Professor Will Herberg has remarked that is characteristic of Americans that they should put forward a positive moral construction on any national endeavor, most particularly those that rub against the moral grain. Thus it did not take long between the making of our alliance with Stalin in 1941 and the discovery, as later enunciated by President

Harry Truman, that we were dealing with likable old Joe. In the Infantry, recruits were shown, during the so-called indoctrination classes, moving pictures of Soviet life. I remember the particularly poignant scene of the old folks, praying at church for the victory of the glorious Soviet army.

To Mr. Herberg's observation, Professor Walt Rostow adds that American intellectuals are notorious suckers for any regime that presents itself as an instrument of The People. He cites the early enthusiasm for Benito Mussolini. But Mr. Reston's discoveries about the New China will forever eclipse the insight—that Mussolini succeeded in making the trains run on time. Forever eclipse it because Mr. Reston did not even show restraint enough to confine his appreciation of the New China to the excellence of its hospitals, or the productivity of its nuclear-bomb facilities. Rather, his encomium was directed to the spiritual achievements of the New China.

Well, I am an Irish Catholic, and I too believe in the redemption of the human spirit, and accordingly I ask my brother Mr. Reston to meditate a single passage written by another reporter, a German, Mr. Jurgen Dennert, who visited the New China in the fall of 1966. His article appeared in *Life* Magazine, in November of that year.

"In Wuhan," he writes, "I saw—I could almost touch him—a Christian priest surrounded by the Guards. They had put a white robe over his clerical vestments and tied a piece of wood around his neck so that his head was forced down at an angle of almost 90 degrees. The top of the dunce cap pointed ahead like an arrow. Behind him were a group of ten or twelve people, probably part of his parish. I could see their faces very clearly—an expression of despondency, visible even beneath the black lacquer which the Communists had smeared on their faces. . . . I counted more than sixty victims being led past in less than two hours. I asked one of my interpreters: 'What happens to the people who are taken out of the city?' He smiled courteously and said, 'They will return in the evening.'

"And those who leave at night?"

"I guess they will return the next morning."

"I have never seen any come back."

"But I have."

"And when they return, where do they live?"

"In their houses, naturally."

"How do they enter their houses if the doors and windows are sealed up and nailed?"

"Only such houses are sealed as have second entrances."

"But if they are not where they live—could they possibly be in prison?"

"Impossible. We do not have prisons for millions of people."

"But if they are not in their houses and not in prison, where are they?"

"You have seen too much in China."

James Reston has not seen enough of China. Not as much as those millions of Chinese who have been slaughtered, or the millions who have fled in their effort to unchain the human spirit. □

ATTICAN RIGHTS

New York, Sept. 16—

At this writing it is not known exactly who was responsible for the misinformation that the hostages died from throat-slitting done by the prisoners, or even whether the man who gave out that information did so innocently, or intending to deceive. If it was the latter, the gentleman can be dismissed as stupid. If the former—let us say he mistook blood in the area of the neck as having been caused by knives rather than bullets—then the headlines shrink in one's memory.

What is surprising is the extent to which the revelation that the guards were killed inadvertently by their colleagues has proved publicly embarrassing to New York State officials. Granted that Governor Rockefeller, in justifying his approval of the armed intervention, cited the slaughtered hostages as vindicating his judgment. Now it turns out that the hostages were slaughtered by the liberating forces. Does that mean that Governor Rockefeller was not justified in ordering the liberation? No, it does not. The fallacy of the contrapositive.

About 100 million Americans saw representatives of the prisoners on television saying in no uncertain words that unless every one of their demands was granted they would proceed to execute the hostages. It transpires either that the prisoners were bluffing or that they funk'd the execution or that they were distracted from their resolution by the armed intervention. Whichever of the three it happened to be, how is the judgment of Nelson Rockefeller invalidated? Should he have said: I looked the threateners in the eye, on television, and deduced that they would not carry out their threat? Should he have asked Tom Wicker to relay a request that the prisoners submit to a lie-detector test, on the question whether they truly intended to murder the guards? Who, on receiving a kidnaper's note threatening to kill the victim, will proceed on the assumption that the kidnaper is bluffing?

And anyway, isn't it time to stress that 28 hostages got away after Rockefeller's intervention? Suppose Governor Rockefeller had waited another two or three days, or a week, and then, in a fit of impatience, the prisoners had executed the lot of the hostages? What would they be saying then to Nelson Rockefeller? That he waited too long, obviously.

Like Kent State, and Dallas on November 22, the investigations will go on and on. Already there is much to think about. Twenty-eight demands of the prisoners were acceded to by the State Correction Commissioner Mr. Russell Oswald. Progress is always welcome. Progress that comes about at the point of a gun, by blackmailers with live kidnap victims, is a bastardly progress. The prisoners' demands ranged from reasonable (access to Spanish-speaking doctors for the sick) to playful (reduce the number of pork dishes) to effrontery (the prisoners are to be paid the minimum wage for all work done) (so why not charge them room and board?). What catches the attention are the guarantees of "true religious freedom"—Translate: Black Muslimism, and systematic inculcation of race hatred; and "allow[ing] all inmates to communicate with anyone they please," and an end to censorship of any periodical or reading matter.

THE LAST IS CLEARLY aimed at opening revolutionary faucets. It was a surprise to everyone how ideologized the prisoners at Attica were. They all sounded as though they had been schooled by Weathermen. Their hatred of America was straight out of the pages of the children's section of the *World*, ditto their slogans. We know less than we should about the pathology of prisoners. We know now that we shall need to ask more questions than we find on the usual lists of questions to be asked about penology. Where do they receive their politics? Why is revolutionary fustian so attractive to the prisoner? It is a commonplace that human beings look elsewhere—anywhere—rather than to themselves to find the cause of guilt. John killed Jane because Jane is insufferable. Harry robbed the bank because the bank is a cancer on society. James burned down the building because he had to express his resentment of American racism. Ho hum. But the insubstantiality of the argument is not a license for ignoring its appeal, particularly in an age when such thought finds itself, at almost any academy, support from intellectual quarters. On with the investigation. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Unscramble RECON-DITE MORON

24 15 31 117 45 78 89 92 35 147
73 159 162 167

B. According to this, for any circuit the electric current is directly proportional to the voltage and is inversely proportional to the resistance

37 29 71 111 183 47 188

C. A game played on grass

59 1 164 14 36 10 160 44 124 51

D. Energetic and aggressive reporters

75 30 46 199 105 60 93 3 220

E. Subularia aquatica

88 40 196 82 127 141 174

F. Light-heartedness

107 126 66 48 135 110 119 184 96

G. Enlargement of a certain organ resulting from excessive exercise

156 16 87 95 168 148 161 182 171 176
178 26 32

H. A person of conventional taste

158 53 180 13 109 114 145 38 101 6

I. A suburb of Minneapolis

4 11 50 67 69

J. This is often mad

219 146 131 193

K. Sure to occur, happen, or come

65 85 150 128 165 170 34 217 112 186

L. Assisted a golfer

100 74 154 5 143 41 52

M. Reverential

142 155 190 62 200

N. Town west of Milwaukee

153 106 54 208 194 209 120 216

O. An important event in *The Green Pastures*

68 86 2 7 116 18 91

P. Possession of a vessel

163 205 97 43 140 63 210 214 203

Q. What is now a free country was named for him

42 83 56 20 80 64

R. Would he be at home in Chile?

84 57 185 189 90 139

S. A river that flows from Tibet to the Arabian Sea

99 121 98 132 76

T. A type of military operation

122 21 27 33 61 136 151 177 187 192
195 70 166 172 79 113

U. One who is not a pagan

179 19 94 149 129 152 173 175 191 212

V. What peace-loving Englishmen would beat their swords into

115 103 25 123 215 9 39 49 58 130
138 157

W. Where Hans Christian Andersen was born

118 104 23 133 125 201

X. This can be cake, meal, or oil

169 206 144 134 202 213 108

Y. What a publisher's child would be

181 197 204 102 211

Z. Would you show servile deference to the mayor of this place?

22 198 28 207 218 77 137

a. Barked sharply

8 12 17 55 72 81

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1134 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

			1 C	2 O	3 D	4 I	5 L		6 H	7 O	8 a		9 v	10 C		11 I	12 a	13 H	
14 C	15 A	16 G		17 a	18 O	19 U	20 Q	21 T	22 Z	23 W		24 A	25 V	26 a	27 T	28 Z	29 B	30 D	
31 A		32 G	33 T	34 K	35 A	36 C	37 B	38 H	39 V		40 E	41 I	42 Q	43 P		44 C	45 A	46 D	
47 B	48 F		49 v	50 I	51 C		52 L	53 H	54 N	55 a	56 Q	57 R	58 v	59 C		60 D		61 T	62 H
63 P	64 Q	65 K	66 F	67 I		68 O	69 I	70 T	71 B	72 a	73 A		74 L	75 D	76 S	77 Z	78 A	79 T	80 Q
81 a		82 E	83 Q	84 R	85 K	86 O		87 G	88 E	89 A		90 R	91 O		92 A	93 D	94 U		
95 G	96 F	97 P	98 S		99 S	100 L	101 H	102 Y	103 V	104 W		105 D	106 N	107 F	108 X	109 H	110 F		
111 B	112 K	113 T	114 H	115 V		116 O	117 A	118 W	119 F		120 N	121 S	122 T	123 V	124 C	125 W	126 F		127 E
128 K	129 U	130 V		131 J	132 S	133 W	134 X	135 F	136 T	137 Z	138 V		139 R	140 P		141 E	142 N	143 L	144 X
	145 H	146 J	147 A		148 G	149 U	150 K		151 T	152 U	153 N	154 L		155 M	156 G	157 V		158 H	159 A
160 C	161 O		162 A	163 P	164 C		165 K		166 T	167 A	168 G	169 X		170 K	171 G	172 T	173 U		174 E
175 U	176 G		177 T	178 G	179 U	180 H		181 Y	182 G		183 B	184 F	185 R	186 K		187 T		188 B	189 R
190 M	191 U		192 T	193 J	194 H		195 T	196 E	197 T	198 Z		199 D	200 M	201 W	202 X	203 P	204 Y		205 P
206 X	207 Z	208 N		209 N	210 P	211 Y		212 U	213 X	214 P	215 V	216 N	217 K	218 Z	219 J	220 D			

THE GOOD STUFF

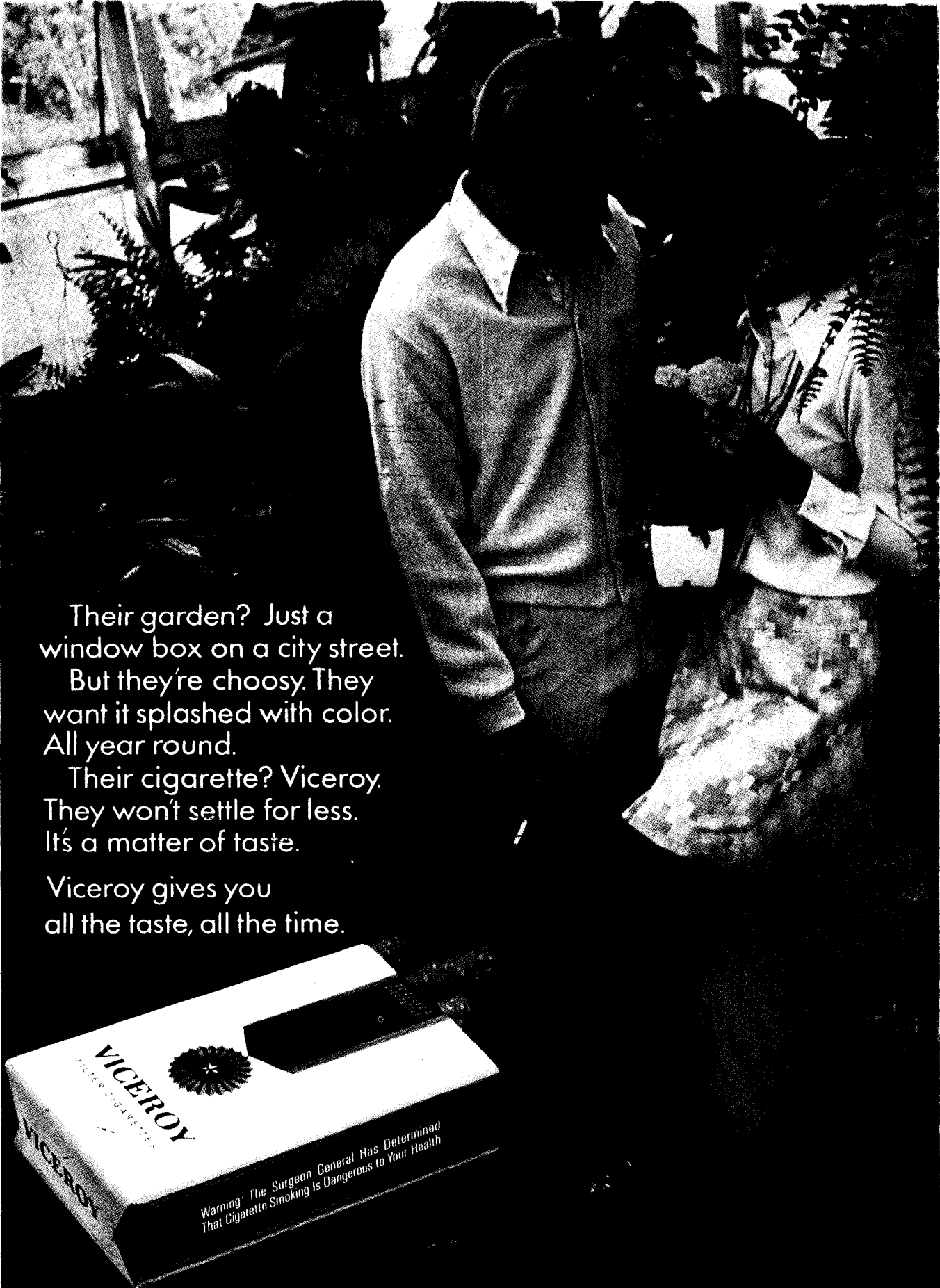
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